The Traveller, Family Journal,

TIMES AND SPIRIT OF THE TIMES — LIFE IN NEW-YORK

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"TENTION, THE HULL!"

It will be recollected by some of our readers that in the critics of "Guido," on the paintings exhibited last summer by the National Academy of Design, in Clinton Hall, an account of a militia muster was introduced, to illustrate Johnston's celebrated drawing. This illustration was extracted from the article, and it went the rounds, without being duly credited to our Journal. It appeared in the London Athenæum, of December last, credited to the *United States* Norfolk Herald; "but," says the Editor of the Athenæum, "we are of opinion, it is out of a farce we have often heard mentioned, but of which we have not been able to procure a copy. The Americans have no objection to caricature themselves; and Mrs. Trollope could not have done it more effectively." We have only to inform the Editor of the Athenæum, that it is not from a farce; but is the production of a very clever Yankee, of this city. As it might have been overlooked by some of our readers, we re-publish it, and trust our brothers of the Norfolk Herald will hereafter "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

"'Tention the hull! shoulder! as you were." "I say, Capting, Mike's priming his fire-lock with brandy"—"Why, deacon Michael Bigelow, aint you ashamed to do such a thing after the temperance paper? I'll report you to the court martial. You, without bagnets on your corn-stalks, stand back in the rear rank—trail arms."—"Capting, why the dickens don't you put the ranks farther apart? That are chap's bagnet has stuck into Jem's trowsers, and I rather guess he won't sit down as slick as he used to."—"I say, Mister, don't blow your backer smoke in my face."—"Why, darn it, how could I help it? This here fellor 'shoulderin' his fi.-lock, stuck his bagnet strate thro' the rim of my beaver, and I rather guess as how my eye ve would jerk your head a little on one side, smoke or no smoke. Mister, hand me down my hat."—"Can't do it—wait till the Capting tells us to order arms; won't bring down my fire-lock without orders if your head was on the top of it."—"That's right, Joe, rale soger. I tell ye—only arter this shoulder your fire-lock perpendicular."—"John, you've got a fire-lock—what made you bring your umbrel?"—"Why, Capting, the wind was due east, and I heard the turkeys screeching, so I knew we'd have a shower."—"Tom, what are you bawlin about?"—"Why, Capting, Jim Lummis smashed my toe with the butt of his gun, and I rather guess it's a thirty-six pounder, for its tarnashun heavy."—"Jim Lummis, just have the puriteness to take your gun off Tom's toe; and look out how you smash arter this."—"Capting, I say, here's an engagement on the right flank."—"You don't say so, Lettermint—what is it?"—"Why, Parks Lummis and George King fighting like blazes."—"We'll make a ring after parade, and see fair play, only tell them to wait till we're done sogering."—"Capting, I say, its arter sun-down, and I rather guess I need'nt stay any longer according to law."—"Well, I'm agreed. Now get into a strate line as quick as greased lightning. Right face, dismiss."

NEW MUSIC.

Hewett, 137 Broadway, has published, during the past week, a variety of new pieces. "We have not to remember the day;" "See our oars with feathered spray;" "a celebrated Boat Glee;" "Child of the West," a Highland Ballad;" "Our Happy Home, a Duett; "Sleep, Gentle Lady," a Trio; "My Heart with Love Overflowing, or the Remembrance of Mozart," a favorite Waltz, as performed at the Park Theatre, arranged for the piano forte. These pieces are all of them beautiful specimens of the lithographic art, highly creditable to the taste of the enterprising publisher.

☞ Pierpont's Dirge on the Death of Dr. Spurzheim, sung at the funeral, November 17, in Boston, by the Handel and Haydn Society is published in the London Athenæum of December 22d as an "*original paper*." Did the Rev. Gentleman send it to the London editors in manuscript?

☞ The Editors, in last Saturday's Evening Post, say that, "*Some* of the friends of Mr J. H. Payne are *trying to get up* a benefit for that gentleman at *one* of the Theatres." We can inform the editors of the Post that *all* the friends of Mr. Payne, and *all* the friends of American literature and the drama, are spontaneously uniting to render a substantial tribute of respect to one who has added so much to the stock and honor of our country's literature, and that *both* the Theatres are at the service of "*some*" and ALL of the friends of Mr. Payne.

A Compendium of Astronomy, intended to simplify and illustrate the principles of the science, and give a concise view of the motions and aspects of the great heavenly luminaries, adapted to the use of common schools, as well as higher seminaries. By John Vose, A.M. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co.

The author of this compendium has been very successful in rendering the principles of the science so simple, that they may be easily understood, "not only by the scholar who spends a few weeks at an Academy, but by him whose means and views do not carry him beyond the common school." The work is divided into chapters and sections, and contains every suitable illustration. It will, we should think, prove a very appropriate and acceptable sequel to Blake's First Lessons in Astronomy, first published some two years since, and which has, we learn, been very generally introduced, and is quite a favorite with teachers and children.

THE KEMBLES.

By the letters received from the Kemble family, it appears that the classical style of Mr. Chas. Kemble is scarcely appreciated by the Americans, who prefer the boisterous rant of their own Cooper, who made such a disastrous exhibition at Drury Lane some years since.—*London Court Journal.*

Milton's Masque of Comus was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, 3d of Jan. and notwithstanding the fine music and the beautiful words, the piece went off rather heavily.

During one of the finest passages delivered by Macready in Iago, at Drury Lane, a worthy member of the House of Commons, sitting in the dress boxes, thinking that he was listening to a speech instead of a play, called out at the top of his voice—"Hear, hear!" much to the astonishment and diversion of the audience.

THE THAMES AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

The London Athenæum introduces a review of Timothy Flint's History and Geography of the Mississippi valley with the following comparison of the two celebrated rivers.

The vale of the Thames and the vale of the Mississippi are famous in England and America: they are, however, a little different in limits as well as in looks. The former is a small portion of a small island; the latter a vast province of a mighty, and all but boundless country: the stream which gives a name to the British vale runs a course of two hundred and eighteen miles, and may measure in width some six or eight hundred yards;—the river which lends a name to the Transatlantic valley runs a course of three thousand five hundred and thirty-six miles, and measures thirty miles and odd wide where it unites with the ocean. The one is canvassed by a few small streams, and runs through a cultivated country inhabited by a highly-civilized people;—the other collects and scarcely supports augmented by the waters of a hundred rivers, some of which—the Ohio, for instance, of itself an inland sea, running through a vast tract of country, part cultivated, part wild—reflect on their bosoms the wigwam and the city, the painted savage and the educated American.

Written for the New York Traveller, Times, & Journal.

THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

Scene in the club room—sporting pictures hung round the walls—foils, masks, and sparring gloves over the mantel piece—a large round table in the centre of the room, on which are tobacco and pipes—a company of six gentlemen sitting beside it—viz: Major Minor, Corporal Trim, Dr. Jones, Squire Fret, Paul Squarestore, and Samuel Sharp.

Major. Well, gentlemen, the meeting is opened: help yourselves to pipes now, and we will smoke awhile on the affairs of the city.

Corporal. Good, my lord—the times are out of joint most essentially in this same city of Manhattan, where once matters went on in the same regular round from year's in, to year's out.

Squire Squarestore. Aye! Aye! you may well say that; even the old deeds made and indented by our Dutch progenitors had for a century and more a certain unchangeable character peculiar to the times. The name was signed at the foot and the sealing wax dropt upon it in a goodly quantity so that it resembled the oily cakes of the Dutch housewives—now a bit of wafer is stuck to a warranty, and just as if it was as binding as wax, or the covenants as strong under the new state of things—I have no patience with such deeds—that's a fact.

Doctor Jones. Patience! egad you may well talk of patience, when one sees our city infested with an unlicensed set of quacks, who utter their oracles with as much confidence and mystery as did the sybils of old. I say——

Sharp. What do you say, Doctor? has any body been stealing you *patients*, since our last interview? I know you are wont to fret about the Yankee interlopers, but come, come, the city is large enough for you and them too, and there is plenty of work for you to do.

Squarestore. Yes, yes, it is pretty evident where the shoe pinches; the doctor has lost some patients this last week, not that he has killed them, not he, but others have taken them in hand to do the job for them; come, confess, Doctor, am I right?

Doctor. Right? yes you are right—wrong—if I may use an Irishism—that is, you have mistaken the complaint entirely. What I allude to is that vegetable lecturer who is turning the heads of half the old women in town.

Corporal. O, is it Graham, that you're after finding fault with? why, my dear Doctor, he has nearly starved me to death with his cursed bread and water system. I attended a course of his lectures and put myself on his diet, and to cap the climax took board at the Graham Boarding House. Well, what do you think was the consequence?

Major. You need not tell us, we can easily guess that; your own lean, shrivelled up, parchment looking hide tells but too plainly the consequence.

Sharp. Just set him out in a corn-field; he would make a capital scare-crow.

Doctor. Yes! he would do well for that; or for the hand of a sun-dial.

Sharp. Not so fast, Doctor, he would not cast a shadow!

Trim. Have you all done, gentlemen? I assure you I am a *spare* subject for your jokes; you will find but poor pickings here; my flesh is all gone, and now I can boast of nothing but skin and bones.

Fret. Well, come—give us the consequences, and make no *bones* of it.

Trim. I say, then, that I am but the shadow of what I once was. I have lost my health, my strength, my appetite, my complexion, my beauty, my spirits, my very semblance of my former self; and to sum up all, I have lost an excellent opportunity—to marry a fortune—that's the consequence, and allow me! if that is not enough

Major. Order, gentlemen: let the Corporal proceed with his melancholy expressions.

Trim. Well affairs went on very smoothly and flatteringly. I was as fine a looking fellow, though I say it, but you will all bear witness to me here, as any that walked in Broadway. I was stout, hearty and handsome, sported a huge pair of whiskers and a portly rotund body, so that my friends surmised that I was training for a seat in the Corporation.

Major. Well, come to the point, Corporal: don't dwell so long on your personal qualifications.

Trim. About this period I was induced to go and hear the new lecturer on the science of human life. I went; and from that time forth I became a thorough going convert to his doctrines.

Doctor, (rubbing his hands.) What then—what then?

Trim. I now began, gradually, to forego the use of meat till I finally dispensed altogether with animal food. I dropt the bottle of porter I was accustomed to take with my dinner, and in room of it only substituted water.

Sharp. Before, you took a drop too much—and now, you take a drop too little.—Is that the idea?

Trim. Not at all. I took a drop of nothing stronger than water. After the porter was discarded, there followed tea, coffee, cider, lemonade and all other stimulating liquids, as the lecturer called them.

Doctor. And all, too, I suppose.

Trim. Even so.

Sharp. Had we but known this, we should no longer have saluted you as *our* fellow well met!

Trim. Next I gave up my mattress, though it was hard enough in all conscience.

Fret. Stop one moment—let me put it down, hard as your conscience, did you say?

Sharp. No; hard as yours, Squire—hard as a lawyer's conscience.

Fret. (writing.) Hard as a lawyer's conscience—go on.

Trim. In place of the mattress, I slept on a layer of white-oak planks, three inches thick, and with no covering but a side of sole leather.

Doctor. Then we have got far enough now. I dare say from this time you date your decline.

Trim. Indeed, I do. I now began to grow thin and weak, according to the true principles of the doctrine I had been taught. I complained of this to some of my fellow pupils, but the only reply I got was, that I must continue the process till I wore off my superfluous animal flesh and substituted a vegetable one.

Doctor. A-hem! A-hem!

Sharp. That is, till you got carroty hair, turnip nose and a cabbage head.—Was not that the theory?

Trim. Not exactly—though I confess now I was in a fair way to realize your witticisms. I dwindled day after day, till finally Miss Wealthy Ann one day observed to me that I must be going into a decline—that I looked consumptive—that she felt quite alarmed for my health, and begged to know the cause of my emaciated appearance.

Major. I don't wonder—I don't wonder—take it all down Squire.

Sharp. This is taking down the Corporal twice—once by Graham, and once by the Squire.

Trim. I avoided giving a direct answer to her enquiries, for to tell the truth, I was ashamed to acknowledge my weakness.

Sharp. Of the head—body—or heart?

Trim. All three—if you please—the more I equivocated, the more did her ladyship fret and worry herself and me too, and teaze, till I declare on the honor of a batchelor, this foretaste of woman almost sickened me of the thought of matrimony.

Major. Mark this confession, Squire, and let it be carried into its proper place in the record, under the title of "Miseries of Courtship."

Trim. The next time I went to visit my intended wife, I found the old gentleman her father with her in the parlor apparently having been in deep consultation. After a few preliminary enquiries, he came directly to the question uppermost in his mind, viz: By what means I had become such an altered man? I hesitated, stammered, blushed—if the blood had not all forsaken my cheeks—and finally acknowledged the whole affair. Just as I feared, young man, said my intended father in law—it might have been worse—but this is bad enough in all conscience—it proves you to be more a fool than a knave, and as such I must beg leave to break off the negotiations which have for some time been carried on in my house.

Major. Why that was coming to the point, like a justice of the quorum—what other reason did he assign?

Trim. None—he only gave it as his conclusion, that a tailor had been called the ninth part of a man—that he had determined his daughter should never marry a tailor and thus make his descendants a still smaller fraction of humanity—and that though I was no tailor, he had shrewd suspicions that I could not lay claim to any larger proportion of the name of a man—and saying this, he politely bowed me out of the room.

Doctor. Excellent!

Major. Capitally done!

Squire. A good issue!

Sharp. A glorious *dressing!*

Squarestore. A remarkably considerate father!

Trim. From that day, I have never set eyes on Miss Wealthy Ann Snip or attended Mr. Graham's Lectures on the science of human life.

Doctor. No, one course was sufficient, I should think.

Trim. I am now picking up as fast as possible—my heart has suffered severely by the love affair, but my corporation has almost collapsed by the other. I am now ready to undergo any punishment, with the exception I before stated, that you may think fit to impose on me.

Major. Well—we will take time to consider—you have certainly been guilty of a great offence, and the matter must be well investigated—in the mean time we advise you to be put on an allowance of one bottle of port—one of porter—and six pipes a day till our next meeting.

"PREVENTIVE OF SEA-SICKNESS."

The Academical Industrie, published in Brussels, states that a "belt worn round the body above the bowels, that is over the epigastrium, will prevent sea-sickness. It is said to operate by keeping the intestines from pressing upward against the diaphram when the ship descends from the top of a wave. The upward motion of the vessel does not cause the disgusting and painful sensation of sea-sickness, but allows an instantaneous relief. The journal above mentioned speaks of this as by no means a modern invention, but known to the monks of Palestine. Symptoms resembling those of sea-sickness are often experienced by persons of delicate nerves in riding in a carriage over a rough road, by swinging, sailing, and what is more remarkable, while dreaming of falling from a considerable elevation. It has been observed that ladies wearing long corsets, tight laced, however injurious they may otherwise be to the health, are sometimes preserved by them from sea-sickness. An instance is given of a seaman who escaped this malady for many years, by wearing a belt on account of some injury he had received in his side.

For the New York Traveller, Times and Journal.

THE GIPSY'S EVENING SONG.

O, fill the cup,
Yes, fill it up
With sherry bright and sparkling,—
With mirth and glee,
And minstrelsy,
We'll welcome the night that's darkling.

The forest trees
Are in the breeze,
Their branches waving o'er us—
And the stars on high,
In radiance, vie
With the sparkling wine before us.

The Moon—its bright
And silvery light
On land and sea is streaming,
And through the leaves
Of the lofty trees
Upon us it is gleaming.

In the darksome wood
The fire-flys brood
Their lustre are revealing—
And the plaintive wail
Of the nightingale
Upon the ear is stealing.

Our blazing fire
A fitful glare
On rock and tree is shedding—
On the ruddy cheek
Of our jubilee mask
A deeper tinge is spreading.

So what care we
For your homes, O ye,
Who in curtain'd beds are sleeping?
Our drapery
Is Heav'ns canopy,
While the stars are our vigils keeping.

Then fill the cup,
Yes, fill it up
With sherry bright and sparkling—
With mirth and glee
And minstrelsy,
We'll welcome the night that's darkling.

Providence, R. I. Feb. 15, 1-33. P.

For the New York Traveller, Times and Journal.

MESSRS EDITORS.—Had the discernment and candour and good feeling of your epicenic correspondent, S. H. L. of the 16 inst. half equalled his lamwinded prejudice and *cowardly* malice, he would have seen that Mr. Graham's first Letter to Philip Hone, Esqr. which he attacks, and misrepresents in a such a dastardly, and virulent manner, was perfectly "Definite" in its object, and that it *did* perspicuously treat of a Definite "subject" which is fully "established and illustrated."

Your correspondent knows very well that he and the rest of his *ribs tribe*, have for some time past greatly feared that their craft was endangered, by the success of Mr. Graham's Lectures, and that they have spared no pains, and left unused no means, however base, to prejudice the Public against the Lectures. Among their thousand's of misrepresentations and falsehoods, they have asserted without any knowledge on the subject that the Lecturer was an impostor seeking only to "ease the People of their money."——That he was a *mere* smatterer on the subjects which he pretended to teach, and that he owed what respectability and popularity, he had acquired, solely to the absence from his auditories, of men, who were competent to judge of his merits.

Not to convince such mercenary calumniators, but to counteract in some degree the effect of their gross calumnies, on the minds of those who might if unprejudiced be greatly benefited by the Lectures, the Letter in question was written with the Definite object, not of "praising himself" but of showing that he had spared no pains to qualify himself for usefulness in his present vocation: and that so far from seeking to impose upon the ignorance and credulity of the uninformed multitude, he had from the commencement of his public career as a Lecturer, taken special pains to induce professional and scientific men, to hear and criticise his Lectures:—and that many such gentlemen had heard his Lectures, and given their favourable testimony concerning them, some of which he adduced in his letter, and offered to exhibit the original documents to any one who would call on him,—and could your correspondent see nothing but motives of vanity in all this?—If he could not his heart is destitute of Pin-hair,ery as his mind is of liberality.

Mr. Graham, and all who have attended a full course of his Lectures, very well know that hundreds of human beings in the city of New York who had endured years of disease and suffering, and vainly sought for relief, in every other way, have been restored to the enjoyment of life, and health, and friends, and society by conforming to the principles taught in his Lectures; and they well know there are thousands more in the city who might receive the greatest earthly benefit from his introductions, had they not been so strongly prejudiced against him, by the base wickedness of *interested* slanderers that they refrain from hearing him.

And can there be nothing but vanity in the desire to remove such prejudices? Can there be no philanthropy, no benevolence—nothing, but a money making purpose, in the desire to persuade the sick and the suffering, to lay aside their prejudices and hear and be healed?

But sir, it is not to vindicate Mr. Graham, that I write, for he needs it not; his cause will go on, and triumph in spite of all the dark machinations that are operating against it; nor is it to convince the cowardly mercenaries that attack him in the dark, like other assassins; for minds so dishonest as theirs are not capable of feeling the force of moral truth; but it is to disabuse your readers, and and to assure them that no one whose knowledge of the subject, renders him competent to speak intelligently concerning Mr. Graham's Lectures, will speak to them, but with commendation; and none but those whose ignorance and malice and mendacity, and cowardice, constitute the leading features of their character, will attack him in the dark, and with weapons of falsehood and misrepresentation and vulgar ridicule. If any honest man really believes that Mr. Graham is wrong, let him come out like an honest man, and in his own proper person or name, state his objections, and he will be treated with respect. But the coward that throws his shafts of falsehood in the dark, is no better in such a case as this, than the wretch who secretly poisons our wells and fountains of water.

Your readers may therefore be assured that the creatures who attack Mr. Graham in the dark, have neither the honesty to tell the truth, nor the courage to give their own real names, with their falsehoods; and therefore they deserve to be regarded with contempt and abhorrence by every friend to sound morality.

JAMES ABERNETHY.

New York, Feb. 25, 1-33.

"What is the use," said a fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?"

RATHER SNARLY.

"Take care granddaughter, or you'll twist your neck off," said a little urchin one day to an old lady who was tugging to get a comb through her tangled hair, till she had pulled her head round so that her nose and chin came over her left shoulder.—"'tee long to school you plagues you," said she, at the same time curling his ears and stamping her foot. As she ceased, she resumed her task, when by dint of perseverance, biting her lips, projecting her chin, and pressing her eyes together, till her face was as full of wrinkles as a baked apple, she succeeded in raking through. Then dropping both hands upon her knees sighed and exclaimed, "Oh dear me! I don't see how folks do comb their hair every day, for I don't comb mine but once a week, and then it *does* just kill me."—*Norfolk Advertiser.*

The Sporting Chronicle.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

We shall be enabled to lay before our readers next week, the result of the South Carolina Jockey Club Races, over the Washington Course at Charleston, which commenced on the 26th ult. Great sport is anticipated from the many fine horses which were on the ground at our last advices; among whom we see selections from the stables of Colonels Johnson, Singleton, Spann, and Richardson.

The purses are generally large, and in addition to the regular races, a Trotting match, entrance $100, is to come off for which Mr. Wells has entered his b. g. Tam O' Shanter, Mr. Goodrich, hub. to Alcipe, and Mr. Topin his b. g. Souter Johnny. This match, is said to have excited great interest and promises capital fun.

Charleston is crowded with strangers from all quarters, among whom are many gentlemen of the North. "Singed Cats" are said to be constantly arriving. "thicker, faster, and more of 'em," from which we infer that the peddlers of wooden nutmegs and horn gimblets have given up their trade in wooden clocks, oak leaf cigars, and other *vegetables*, to "come the queer over the gallant Nullifiers at the cussing races"—bad luck to 'em, for that same.

The Mobile Races commence on Wednesday, the 13th of March next, free for any Horse, &c. in the United States, *by complying with the rules* of the Club. M. Dumont, Esq. Mobile, Ala. is the Secretary. We are not much acquainted with the horses named, through from the *time* they frequently exhibit, we see plainly they have some "good 'uns to go."

The Augusta (Ga.) Jockey Club Races, commenced on Tuesday, the 19th ult. We have not received the results, but daily expect them, when they shall be read before our friends. That some crack horses were to *walk over the course*, from a neighboring state, was rumored here not long since, and we are anxious to learn more of this matter. Shall we have it, Mr. Secretary M.?

New Market Races.—Spring, 1-33. Here we have it! The produce of Medley, Tomson, and Archie, for one stake. We have not room for the long list of stakes to be run for over this beautiful course at present, but shall endeavor to give them a place soon. O. P. Hare, Esq. the Proprietor, deserves much credit for his liberality and spirit, and we hope our friends and the patrons of the Turf, will do for him "the genteel thing."

The Wilmington (N.C.) Races commence on the 20th inst. and continue three days. Although the purses are small the Club anticipate good sport. John A. Taylor, Esq. is the Secretary.

CHALLENGE.

We have just received from a valued correspondent "J. C." at Natchitoches, La. a challenge to the Sportsmen of the North, which we commend to their attention. We shall be surprised if some of the good shots of Gotham do not *settle the business directly*; friend Taylor, at 112 Maiden Lane, can furnish the requisites for an expedition, and there is some good shooting on Long Island, and also up the river, in the vicinity of Fishkill; we hear too, of capital duck shooting about Staten Island. We hope soon to receive a detailed account from some knight of the Gun and Rod who shall accept this challenge of our Southern sportsmen, which we shall immediately lay before our readers.

To the Editors of the Traveller, Times and Journal.

Gentlemen.—Wishing to extend the reputation of the Sportsmen of the Red river Valley, at the same time that I challenge the far famed sportsmen of the Susquehannah and the Delaware, to an exhibition of equal skill in shooting, I can find no better method of accomplishing this end than by requesting you to publish the following account of the two most astonishing feats of skill that have ever been performed in the part of the world; and which, you will consider with me, stand unparalleled in the annals of shooting.

Ye hunters of the Potomac and the Delaware, come your vaunting. Ye sportsmen of New-York, who, because ye are the frequenters of the woods which once echoed to the crack of Hawkeye's rifle, think not yourselves the only *crack* sportsmen that line your shooting-coverts, ye grouse killers, ye partridge-murderers, ye duck slayers. In one word, ye Huntsmen of the North, hide your diminished heads, you are "done up!"

In November last, a Circle of the Forest, with two of his men, killed in two and a half days, 251 ducks, 3 deer, and 5 wild turkeys.

A few days subsequent to this, another Circle, with three of his men, killed in two days, 503 ducks, 15 geese, and 21 brants. All of which were shot on the wing, save and except the 3 deer, of course. Prodigious indeed!

Seriously, however, if any of your sportsmen "down East" can or have ever beat this, we willingly yield the palm to them. If not you will do us the justice to let the world know, that we of Red River stand first in the list of that glorious race of men who prefer of the two consequences of the invention of gun-powder, the indiscriminate slaughter of soulless creatures, to the charming murder of their fellow men.

Very Respectfully, Your
Obedient, Humble Servant
J. C.

Natchitoches, Louisiana, 20th January, 1-33.

A YANKEE "SINGED CAT."

Tattlemen readily understand the meaning of the two last words in our caption, which to their sorrow, while inexperienced, they have not unfrequently encountered: but for the information of those who may not be *au fait* to this technical of the Turfite we will just state, that the term "singed cat," when applied to a horse, is understood something after this wise: A horse is entered for a sweepstakes, or other purse, whose appearance is rough, and ungainly; who perhaps is just taken out of harness, and apparently can hardly show his heels, with no mark of training or even decent stabling—looking for all the world, as if the *crows had a mortgage on him* for twice his worth. But when he has secured all bets against himself, from the "green horns," he discovers his mettle, and the excellence of his speed and bottom, telling dreadful tales of pockets "to let" at the close of the heat, among his rivals.

"Many a time and oft," have we listened to recitals of these "encounters dire," which are never told with more real gusto than by the sufferer himself. We have thought sometimes of giving our readers a few stories of these "dire mishaps," which almost every old Sportsman of the Turf can relate so happily, but have been spared the exertion, by that indefatigable disciple of Momus, Dr. Greene, late of the Constellation. It is one of his very best conceits,—founded on fact, and will be read with great pleasure by all. We heartily bespeak for it the attention of our readers.

It may not be considered out of place here to state that the following story is a selection from a work in press, entitled "*A Yankee among the Nullifiers,*" and purports to be related to the author, by a South Carolinian.

THE TIN PEDLER'S "SLEEPY DAVID."

"The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too *cute* for us in every thing except horseflesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entered my horse *Southron* for a purse of two thousand dollars. He had won a like sum two years before with all ease. In short he was the best horse at that time in all Carolina. There were to be sure two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him; but they were no touch for Southron, and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting here at this moment—when who should sauls along but a d——d Yankee with a tin-cart! He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse you ever set eyes on. He was a lean, slab-sided, crosslegged, rough-haired, milk and molasses-colored son of a gun, as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact, his owner called him Sleepy David. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the pedler, whose exterior corresponded marvellously with that of his horse, and who said his name was Zadock Barker, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse along with the rest.

'Your horse!' exclaimed I—'what that sleepy looking devil there? You'd better enter him for the turkey-buzzards.'

'Not's you know on, Mister,' returned the Yankee, with some show of spirit. 'To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him Sleepy David; but he's a jo-ired smart horse for all that. He is like a singed cat, a darned sight better than he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him against some of your South Carolina hosses. To be sure I didn't come all the way from home on purpose; but as I was coming out this way with a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time it so as 'o kill two birds with one stone; for, thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and paddle off my notions at the same time, I shall make a plaguy good spec. But I had to hurry on like the nation, to get here in season; and that's one reason my hoss looks as kind of shabby, and out of kilter this morning. But for all that he'll perform like three work I tell you.

Supposing he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I rode him to game, and not trouble me with his d——d Yankee palaver.

'Why, Mister,' said he, 'this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk, or let it alone, jest as he can afford. Now I've taken a good deal of pains to git here this morning in order to run Sleepy David against some of your Southern nosses. I aint a joking, sir, I'm in airnest. I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazingly to pick it up.'

'You talk of picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of carrion of yours! Away with you, and don't trouble us any further.'

'Well, if I can't run, then I spose I can't; but it's darned hard any how for a man to take so much pains as I have to come to the races, and then can't be allowed to run arter all.'

'It's too late now; by the rules of the course the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you'll plank the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet.'

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow; having no idea he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

How much might the entrance money be? drawing out a purse containing a few shillings in silver and a few pence in copper. 'If it aint more'n a quarter dollar or so, I'll plank it on the nail.'

'It is two hundred dollars.'

'Two hundred dollars!' exclaimed the Yankee. 'By golly, what a price! Why they axed me only a quarter of a dollar to see the elephant and the whole Caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! Why you must be joking now. Bless me! my whole load of tin ware, hoss, waggon and all wouldn't fetch that. But, Mister, don't you think I could get in for ten dollars?'

Nothing short of two hundred; and that must be paid in the short space of five minutes.'

'Well now, I thought we had jest got rid of the fellow; but he returned to the charge, and agreed if fifty dollars wouldn't do, then seventy-five then a hundred; and finding he could not make a bargain for less than the regular sum, he engaged to give it provided he could find any one to loan him the money, for which he offered to pawn his waggon load of notions and Sleepy David to boot. He asked one, then another, to accommodate him with the loan—declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse the money should be returned, and he would give a dozen of tin whistles into the bargain. He, however, got more curses than coppers until some wag, who had plenty of cash, and liked to see the sport go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice. Though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had money enough about him, and was merely playing the 'possum all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle. Here also he was accommodated; and taking Sleepy David from the tin cart, he scrambled upon his back, and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit on a horse so awkwardly in all your life. Every body said he would fall before he had gone a hundred yards; and some out of compassion urged him to withdraw.

'Not by a darned sight,' exclaimed he—'Why do you think I'm such a tarnel fool as to pay two hundred dollars, and then not run arter all?'

Others who wanted to see the sport, though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed—saying, as they laughed aloud, that they had no doubt but he would carry off the purse.

'That's what I mean to do,' said he—'I haint come here for nothing, I can tell you. Wake up, Sleepy David, and look about you; you must have your eyes open to-day; it's no time to be snoozin when there's money at stake.'

The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, opened his eyes, pricked up his ears, and actually showed some signs of life.

The signal was now given to start. Away sprang Southron, with the speed of lightning, and away sprang the other Southern horses, leaving Sleepy David far in the rear, and the pedler verging from side to side, as if he was just ready to fall off. The horse went pawing along with his tail clinging close to his haunches, and his nose stuck out straight before him; and you never beheld so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair made.

But they improved as they proceeded; the pedler sat more jockey like, and the horse evidently gained upon the others. But it would not do. He came in half a mile behind Southron, and a little less behind the others.

It was now thought the Yankee had got enough of the race, and would withdraw before the next heat. Contrary to all expectation, however, he persevered; and even offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

'The fellow's a fool,' said one.

'He don't know which side his bread is buttered,' said another, 'or else he wouldn't risk any more money on so desperate a stake.'

'He's safe enough there,' said a third, 'for he has no more to risk.'

Here, however, every body was mistaken again, for the pedler hauled out an old greasy pocket book and planked the thousand dollars. It was covered of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered; and to suspect the Yankee was, after all, not more knave than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. Southron was not a horse to be distanced in one day, and especially by such a miserable looking devil as Sleepy David.

The second heat was now commenced: and, if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble horse Southron, that confidence was strengthened, as I again saw him coming in ahead of the rest. I considered the purse now as my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket, when—lo and behold! the pedler's horse, which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward as if the devil kicked him on end; and, stretching his neck like a crane, won the heat by a throatlatch.

Every body was astonished. 'That horse must be the devil himself,' said one. 'At least, he has the devil to back him,' said a third; 'I was sure he would play you some Yankee trick before he had got through.' Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee, in the meantime, offered to plank another thousand dollars; but nobody would take the bet. And it was well they didn't; for at the third heat, Sleepy David not only distanced every horse, but even came in a full length of a mile ahead of Southron himself.

'There, by gauly,' said the Yankee, as he dismounted, 'I'll take that are leetle purse if you please, and the t'other cool thousand! I know well enough that your Southern hosses couldn't hold a candle to *Sleepy David!*'"

For the New York Traveller, Times and Journal.

STANZAS.

Be silent for ever! be silent my lute!
For the voice that has echoed your numbers is mute!
The spirit, the life of my music is o'er,
For the ear that has taken it hears it no more;
There has been a time, when my eye has survey'd
The theme and the soul of my song as I play'd,—
But her tenderest accents are clouded, her accents are pause,
Then be silent forever! be silent my lute!

The garden she planted its blossoms may boast,
But the flower is faded which gladden'd it most;
Her bowers may bloom with ornate and vine,
But where is the hand that once twined them to twine?
Thus the landscape at midnight is beautiful still,
And fresh as remains upon valley and hill,
But then the eye rests upon darkness alone,
For the beams that illumine each object are gone.

The long hours we parted, I seek thee in vain;
My Ellen! I never can meet thee again!
Yet still there are ties which no time cannot remove,
When we mourn o'er the relict of those that we love:
Like rocks which the whirlwind asunder has thrown,
Though severed forever in years that are gone,
Though the flood of the valley flows darkly between,
The trace of their union on each may be seen.

There once was a time when my muse could assuage
The blots and the sorrows that darken life's page,
But now every verse mourning must prove,
For tears damp the strings of the lyre of Love;
Yet still I can look on the hue that she loved,
And hear from another the songs she approved;
But the words and the notes cannot charm me alone,
For the spirit, the life of the muse is gone.

Oh! tell me no more of the hopes that you see,
For a cloud has o'ershaded still twixt their advance and me;
I trusted them once, but they left me to mourn;
I may view them in thought—but they cannot return.
To a Sailor whose barque on the billows is lost,
When tempests overwhelm him, and succour is lost,
'Tis cruel to point to the meadows and groves,
And the roses that bloom round the home that he loves.

H.

"THE RIVERLID,"
OR YANKEE SEAINES.

A Green Horn from the interior, recently went to visit a rich cousin in the city of Boston. Being introduced into the sitting room by the servant, he stopped at the door, and gazing for a moment, with astonishment upon the rich carpet on the floor, he at last observed a narrow space near the wall of the room, which it did not cover, and with long strides, marched over it opposite the fire-place; here, being obliged to cross the carpet to reach his friends, (who began to be as much surprised as he was,) in reaching the hearth, he could not avoid stepping on it—and, turning with apparent mortification to his cousin, he exclaimed—"There, Billy, I have trod on your *hivarted* artee all."—*Lowell Mercury.*

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

The Sunderland (Eng.) Herald says:—Would any of the gay gentry of these parts deem themselves honored and above their fellows, had they "tripped the light fantastic toe" with royalty?—There is at this very moment, while I write, a female casting coal into my cellar, (the wife of a naval officer deceased) who once danced with King George the Fourth.

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, March 2, 1833.

☞ H. G. Daggers, whom we announced as our authorized agent, is no longer in our employ. Our subscribers and advertising friends, will please make no payments until further announcement. A year has now elapsed since our sheet sprung into existense, and while we thankfully acknowledge the extraordinary patronage with which we have been favored, we would request our friends who stand indebted to bear in mind that "Every little makes a mickle."

DUNLAP BENEFIT.

We are pleased to record that the affair went off with great eclat. The house was well attended and presented a most imposing galaxy of the Elite and Fashionable. Mr. Forrest, as Pierre, fully redeemed his Brutus on occasion of the Payne Festival. It was not the Pierre of Mr. Cooper in by-gone days, "his *like* we ne'er shall see again," but it was creditable in the highest degree to his talents. Mr. Kemble performed Jaffier most effectively, with occasional violations of the text and *descent* to rant, which surprised us. Miss Kemble's Belvidera was surpassing. We are constantly disposed to quarel with this lady, while reciting, but invariably find ourselves enraptured ere the close.

We have neither time nor room to speak of Barry and Clarke, Mrs. Sharpe and others. They sustained their well merited reputation.

There are certain gentlemen connected with this business, who deserve a passing notice in our hebdomadal. Col. King of the American, Gen. Fleming, Dr. Hosack, and the indefatigable proprietor of the Mirror, Col. Morris, worked, if we may use the expression, like locomotives on a rail road. To one of Mr. Dunlap's temperament, the hearty exertions of these gentlemen will prove a reward as sweet, & poetically enduring as the substantial amount which, with pleasure we state will greet his purse.

Mind—mind alone, bear witness Earth and Heaven
The living fountain, in itself, contains
Of beauteous and sublime!

and a mind characterizes Miss Kemble in every effort. Her faults are as spots on the sun which gazed on, become imperceptible. There is a mannerism about her which nought but genius could render tolerable—but the radiance of her genius throws around her defects a halo so beatific, that with Moore we are compelled to exclaim—

I know that I love thee whatever thou art.

AN ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mrs. Sharpe, at the Park Theatre, on the evening of the
Dramatic Festival in honor of William Dunlap, Esq
WRITTEN BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

What gay assemblage greets my wondering sight!
What scene of splendor—conjured here to-night!
What voices murmur, and what glances gleam!
Sure 'tis some flattering, unsubstantial dream.
The house is crowded—not a body's here
For beauty famous, or to science dear;
Doctors and lawyers, judges, belles and beaux,
Poets and painters—and heaven only knows
Whom else beside—and, see, gay ladies sit,
Lighting with smiles that fearful place, the pit—
(A fairy change—ah, pray, continue it.)
Gray heads are here too, listening to my rhymes,
Full of the spirit of departed times;
There seem another audience, strange to my sight,
All gather round me on this brilliant night.
And welcome are ye all. Not now ye come
To speak some trembling poet's awful doom;
With frowning a "want of mind" to trace
In some new actor's inexperienced face,
Or e'en us old ones (oh, for shame!) to rate
"With study good—in time—but—never great."
Not like you travel'd *natur*, just to say
"Folks in this country cannot act a play,
They can't 'pon honor!" How the creature starts!
His wit and *whiskers* came from foreign parts!
Nay, madam, spare your blushes—you I m an—
There—close beside him—oh, you're full sixteen—
You need not shake your flowing locks at me—
The man, your sweetheart—then I'm dumb, you see;
I'll let him off—you'll punish him in time,
Or I've no skill in prophecy or rhyme;
Nor like that knot of surly critics yonder,
Who wield the press, that modern bolt of thunder,
To "cut us up" when from this house they lollop,
With no more mercy than fair *Mrs. Trollope*!
A nobler motive fills your bosoms now,
To wreathe the laurel round the silver'd brow
Of one who merits it—it any can,
The artist, author, and honest man.
With equal charms his pen and pencil drew
Rich scenes, to nature and to virtue true.
Full oft upon these boards hath youth appear'd,
And oft your smiles his fault'ring footsteps cheer'd;
But not alone on budding genius smile,
Leaving the ripen'd wheat unown'd the while;
To boyish hope not every bounty give,
And only youth and beauty bid to live.
Will you forget the services long past,
Turn the old war-horse out to die at last?
When, his proud strength and noble fleetness o'er,
His faithful bosom dares the charge no more!
Ah, no—the sun that loves his beams to shed
Round every opening flow'ret's tender head,
Wi h smiles as kind his genial radiance throws
To cheer the sadness of the fading rose:
Thus he, whose merit claims this dazzling crowd,
Points to the past, and has his claims allowed;
Looks brightly forth, his faithful journey done,
And rests in triumph—like the setting sun.

American Hotel, 28th Feb. 1833.

Gentlemen,—As I shall leave New-York very early to-morrow, and may not have an opportunity of seeing any of the Committee previous allow me, in my own and my daughter's name, to request that you will receive from Mr. Simson the sum stipulated by him as the remuneration for our services this evening; and apply it to the use of Mr. Dunlap, in whose behalf you have shewn so much zeal; and, who, from all I have heard of him, is so highly deserving of the interest which you all take in him,—that the results of the evening may fully answer your expectations and largely contribute to his comforts, is the sincere wish of—

Gentlemen,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
C. KEMBLE.

David Hosack and others, of the Dunlap Committee.

New-York Feb 28, 1833.

Dear Sir—In the name of the Committee of the Citizens of New-York, friendly to Literature and the Drama, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind communication, in which you decline to receive the remuneration tendered for the services of yourself and Miss Kemble, at the benefit set apart for Mr. Dunlap.

The Committee beg leave unanimously to express to you and your daughter their high sense of your kindness and liberality in the contribution of your united talents on this occasion. In this acknowledgment, not only the immediate friends of Mr Dunlap, but his fellow citizens friendly to dramatic literature, cordially unite, adding their best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of yourself and daughter.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours respectfully,
DAVID HOSACK,
Chairman of the Committee.

Chs. Kemble, Esq.

A writer in the Courier and Enquirer *under* the signature of Carbon, has called attention to certain impositions practised by coal dealers.—The writer is a merchant of high respectability, whom we know to be actuated by nothing but a genuine feeling of *pro bono publico*.

The Boston folks are going the whole figure with our worthy countryman John Howard Payne. They are full of notions and it s the only community where auctions have been attempted the atrica ly. We tr st that Payne will bear modest ly the o'erbearing hon or which t e Bostonians when the fit is on, will heap upon him.

A young lady of fashion, who was engaged to half a dozen beaux, whom she had promised to marry, jilted the whole of them, and united herself to another whom she had never seen ten days before. After a bright and sweet honey-moon of three days, she went with her *cara sposa* and a numerous train of relations and friends, to a splendid dinner party, given in honor of the occasion, when she quarrelled with her husband for kissing one of her cousins, who was her bridesmaid, and refused to bless him with her smiles. The consequence was, that an offence set in, dislike soon followed, and the harmless being, a cousin, at the wedding dinner party, caused the separation of the pair, who had breathed their vows upon the matrimonial altar for life.

AN INDEFINITE ARTICLE.

Hark!—ding-dong-bell!—twelve o'clock and a storm without—'tis at such an hour as this that a wizzard might conjure up a *ghost*,—would to mercy we could make it any way available in raising ourselves a little *spirits*. Bah! what a horrid thing pure water is on a cold stomach! particularly when a body is trying to throw a little of the devil into an item or two. We wonder what the Temperance Society would say to a man, if he could prove to their satisfaction that there was the making of *Irish Whiskey* in *Graham Bread*. Nay, sir, no jeering if you please—you know your friend, Hamlet, says, there are more wonders in the world, than was ever dreamt of in your philosophy, and trust me if a man only knew the right way to go about it, he could distill himself a very comfortable cordial from a Graham loaf—What sir? sceptical still! then I suppose you are one of those self-willed, incredulous, crusty old fellows, who would dispute the fact of a man's having drawn a quart of sallad oil *out* of a cobbler's lap stone.

It is very singular what little news one hears from Europe now-a-days: particularly as it was reported by the last accounts, that the rail road between Sandy Hook and Liverpool had been just opened for travellers—probably the government has ordered all late arrivals to be locked up in the Custom House Store, till the duty on the dimension of a man's nose, as well as the texture of his coat, be agreed on. Query—Are the pictures of Adam and Eve (as has been reported) to be returned to the cells, until some revenue question touching them can be arranged? If so, the latter expulsion will be unkinder than the first, for in the original instance, they had the whole world for a hiding place, while in the present they will have the mortification of being hid from the whole world.

How very convenient Aladdin must have found his lamp on occasions? more especially when change was scarce: but for all that it was far less potent than a certain *train* oil commodity in our own neighborhood, for while the former had to be taken up in the hand and polished into subservience by and for one person only: the latter, of its own accord takes every man in the vicinity by the *nose*, and serves them all alike.

We wish the government would either prohibit the use of umbrellas altogether or confine it to men *above* six foot, at all events in *public*. What a melancholy thing it is to see a host of little fellows popping about the streets of a dark wet day, and, with the utmost *non-chalance* possible, driving the eaps of their *marquees* into the faces of any ladies or gentlemen, who are unfortunate enough to be a little higher in the world than themselves. Coming up Wall street the other day, during a snow storm, we ensconced ourselves very snugly in the rear of a huge Patagonian fellow, who was luckily steering in the same direction, and proud in our security kept trudging away, the fleakers blowing like pigeon's feathers, over, and along side of us, but ourselves sailing through the middle in a dead calm. We passed the Post-office in due order—crossed William street without accident, and were rejoicing in our safe delivery when—O! most horrible to relate, all of a sudden we found ourselves tumbling head over heels into a *snow* bank, and worse chance, Mr Moonscraper rolling like a Puncheon of Rum on top of us. On looking into the business, afterwards, it appeared that a certain gentleman of the Jockey breed was tripping it along under the shade of a green cotton tent, the upper extremity of which made a very unwarrantable intrusion into the mouth of the barley seven footed gentleman, and sent two of his most serviceable nut crackers, to find fresh quarters in his stomach.—The Brobdinagdian expressed his astonishment at this, (to say the least of it very unmannerly conduct, by placing his heels where his head should be, that is somewhere on a parallel with Trinity steeple, and so of course we were obliged to make the most we could of our somerset in the snow bank.

It's an old saying, "that sleep is the type of death," which, we suppose means that a man is most peaceable when he loses the use of his tongue. Now this we can prove to be a notorious ie, for here is a fellow sitting at our elbow, who, when up and *doing*, does nothing and says nothing at all, and now, forsooth, when he's as fast asleep as a defunct newspaper, he keeps sneezing and kicking and snoring away at the very top of his voice, to the tune the Dutchman's cow died of.—Hip—hip—hip—hang it, what a thick nodding thief has! Here I have been wearing the skin of my knuckles on the crown of it these five minutes, and still he is singing away as stout as ever. No doubt this part of his premises is unoccupied, let's see if we can make him hear by knocking at his toes—so: so, I thought I'd do it at last—an iron boot heel is a very convenient article on occasions—hark how he grumbles—"what's that—help!—oh!—what's that." Nothing at all sir, only that we would be exceedingly obliged to you, if you'll have the goodness to chastise your nose, for it has taken advantage of your slumbers, and been scolding you this half hour—all still again. Hark! the clock strikes one. Here we have been wasting an hour, and a sheet of paper, and so lest any more evil should come of it, we leave you to your rest. Adieu.

We find the subjoined "item" in the Vermont Patriot and State Gazette, published at Montpelier, the capital, by Geo. W. Hill and Hugh Moore, two clever fellows of the "right sort."

Ladies beware!—A lady by the name of Newton, in Durham, England, lately dislocated her jaw in a fit of yawning. It is stated, however, that her tongue performs its duties as well as usual. N. B.—This is the first "item" we have been guilty of perpetrating for some time. What d'ye think of it, Messrs. Editors of the N. Y. Traveller?

Think! Why, that if you wrote *Moore* for a "Family Journal," we should like it better. *Hush!* Can't you for a moment, quit bedevilling the Antics and Nationals, and give us something characteristic of the "Spirit of the Times." The *Patriot* puns of *Geo. Washington's* day, or *Verm nt* items from classic *Montpelier*, are not less esteemed by wealthy "Travellers," enjoying "Life in New-York," though many a *Hill* divides them from the *capital* in the *State Gazette*.

☞ Several communications are on file—and will in due time receive *all* the attention they may seem to merit.

A LEADEN-HEADED HUSBAND.

A young lady in Richmond, having been only *two* days married, quarrelled with her husband about the *color* of his *hair*, averring, that if some precaution was not immediately taken, it would inevitably turn gray, and moreover that she herself would prepare a preventive. The gentleman, *poor soul*, as any other gentleman in the *same situation* would have been forced to do, submitted; and madam, having prepared her receipt, brought it to the bed-side, and poured it RIGHT into his left *ear*. when lo! and behold! the gentleman gave a leap like a harlequin, and a roar like a bull; for he just discovered, and in the very *nick* of time too, that his astonished *auditor* had been qualifying a beverage of liquid lead.

Why the lady administered such a dose, is the query. Her friends say, she is a little *light* in the head, which is the only reason they can assign for the ambition she manifested, to make her husband a *little heavy* in the stomach. Just for the sake of fun, we will take the liberty of suggesting another. Who knows but the gentleman has proved himself rather *shrewd* on occasions—a quality which many ladies think very dispensable in the *family* way; and that madam, having discovered the evil in time, and fearing that it might be somewhat inconvenient hereafter, took this *a la* Hamlet system of procuring a *leaden-headed husband*.

The Richmond papers say, that a divorce has been applied for. This may have the effect of making the gentleman a *singular* character, but it will prove nothing extraordinary in his situation; for he is not the first husband, by many, who have had reason to find fault with the peculiar properties of their ladies *metal*.

A correspondent of the Moral Daily Advertiser, says that "*eating and drinking* as other folks do, is the *rock most men split on!*" We would to mercy, the gentleman would show us some method of steering our bark clear of this antiquated mass of fatality. We are certain the information would be received very favorably, in general, but especially by *editors*. Not eat and drink! as others do!—what can the fellow mean? Can he have discovered any other medium than the mouth by which to convey the "gastric juice" into his stomach—or no; perhaps he has found out the way of living Camelion fashion: and if so, we wish him luck of it, for we have tried the same method ourselves on occasions, and always found it would not do! at least our stomachs manifested a very carnivorous disposition at the time, and sooth to say, exhibited symptoms of profound joy, when it accidently discovered itself in the neighborhood of a *beef steak*.

The same sapient moralizer is of opinion that *honest* men are as scarce as ghosts, and are never sent upon earth but for some special arduous and self-denying work. No doubt the poor gentleman feels his own deficiencies in this respect, and is laboring to prove for self satisfaction, that his being a rogue is the doings of destiny, as there was nothing very special, arduous or self-denying left for him to perform, or indeed in his nature to accomplish.

Again Mr. *Shallowpate* observes, that the "man who acts like his neighbors, is nothing better than a monkey and a parrot." Why, what an impious thief this must be. Even Buffon allows us to be at the head of the link; and here we are placed right between two of the most unamiable animals in creation; but no doubt we may also trace this to a native feeling, for the numscull must be little better than an ape to conceive such an idea, and even worse than a parrot to express it.

We would not have honored the very silly paragraph to which we allude, by a thought, let alone a notice, were it not to hold up to contempt one of a host of ignorant, impotent and self-important scribblers, who have lately undertaken to become the mentors of the community.

EXCELLENT ARGUMENT.

Philosophers have discovered, and, of course, we must take it for granted, that matter, like eternity, cannot be bounded; or, in other words, that it is an eternity in itself, alike incapable of end or beginning. As thus, that the smallest particle conceivable, is made up of incalculable myriads of smaller particles, each particle in that myriad being in itself a myriad, and so on for ever. Some of them are contending, that what people call a moat or an atom, in a sunbeam, is capable of containing—nay, absolutely contains, a habitable world, as vast in its proportions, to the beings who people it, as ours to us. It has also been observed, that the more minute the living object, the more brief the period of its existence; so, that if the tiniest observable ranks of the summer animalcular live but three or four hours, which we believe is about the time naturalists assign them, the period of the lives of things infinitely small r, must be infinitely shorter. Now, if all this be true, which we will not dare dispute, as the investigation has been the labor of *reason*; is it not equally—nay, more natural to suppose, that there are beings in the universe of the opposite extreme—creatures so large, that our world to them, is no more than the world in the mote of a sun-beam to us; and whose period of existence is in accordance with their magnitude. Such a theory being allowed, who is is at all events based on philosophical principles, it will require no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that our world, and all its attendant worlds, our armies, and our navies—our mountains, and our oceans, our quacks, lawyers, players, poets, editors—hope, ambition—every thing—are all, at the present moment, located in the eye-lash of a mite, which has been regaling himself for a few hours on a piece of musty cheese at the bottom of a schoolboy's pocket.

MECHANICAL INDUSTRY.

The press on which our paper is printed does perhaps more work than any other in the world. It is owned by Messrs. Burnett & Smith, the enterprising publishers of the "New York Weekly Messenger and Young Men's Advocate." It is in constant motion night and day, under the direction of Mr. *Wm. F. Short*, a most experienced printer.

There are at the present time printed on this press one daily newspaper—thirteen weekly, including the "Messenger and Advocate," and two semi-monthly sheets—making a weekly average of SIXTY-FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED SHEETS—or 129,000 impressions. This total of weekly labor, allowing the press to be in motion 20 hours on each working day and night, gives ONE THOUSAND AND SEVENTY-FIVE impressions to the hour. The newspapers that bear the impress of this industrious servant to the cause of literature,—if each number of the several papers is read by *ten persons*, which is indeed a very low estimate,—are read weekly by 645,000 persons—making about one twentieth part of the population of the United States. The press was made by the late lamented Robert Hoe, Esq. of this city.

☞ The gentleman denominated in a late number of this paper, "Quack Doctor," having promised amendment, we withdraw the disclosure intended. But to get to say, that we have another "rod in pickle," for the keeper of a certain public house *up* town.

Literary Notices.

Sayings and Doings at the Trumbull House, in the year 1-32, extracted from the Note Book of Costard Sly, Solicitor and Short Hand Writer of London, and edited by Dr. Zachary Philemon Vonguifier, 2 vols. Boston, Allen & Ticknor

In the introduction, Mr. *Sly* informs the reader that he is an Englishman, and relates several love affairs; and some other difficulties which induced him to depart for this country. On his arrival he takes up his quarters at the Tremont House where he keeps a journal of all he sees and hears. A variety of characters said to be real, are introduced under fictitious names, among whom are Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, etc., the most perfect harmony and good feeling existing among them.

Compliment the English nation, and they reciprocate the feeling in like manner. The stories told possess considerable interest, particularly the one entitled "the last dollar."

The Columbary and complete Pigeon Fancier, or modern Treatise on Domestic Pigeons—New York: Wm. Stodart.

This useful little manual embraces the natural history of Pigeons—description and management of all their various species, diseases and remedies, and instructions for stocking and managing a pigeon house. It is from the London edition, somewhat improved by Mr. H. Bradenbah, of this city, and is embellished with several portraits of the most valuable pigeons, drawn from life. To our sporting friends and all who rear the pigeon, this manual we should think invaluable. We have space only for a brief notice of the stock Dove or wood-Pigeon.

THE STOCK-DOVE, OR WOOD-PIGEON.

From this species, all the beautiful varieties of the tame pigeon derive their origin, and have the English name of Stock-Dove, it being the stock or stem of the other domestic kinds. This bird is of a deep blueish ash color; the breast dashed with a fine changeable green and purple; the sides of the neck with shining copper color: the wings are marked with two black bars, one on the quill feathers, and the other on the covers. The back is white, and the tail is barred near the end with black. It is larger than the common pigeon: but the shape of the body is the same, nor is the color much different. The changes in their feathers are occasioned by different lights. They are more glossy, and sometimes appear purple, sometimes green.

"A Yankee among the Nullifiers: an auto-Biography, by Elnathan Elmwood, Esq. New-York; William Stodart, 1-33, 12 mo. 152 pp.

This is the title of a book designed no doubt as an offset to the "*memoirs of a Nullifier*," and is altogether quite an amusing little work: all who read and were amused by "the other side," will be agreeably so with this. Elnathan Elmwood Esq. is we presume no other than the facetious Dr. Greene.

We refer those who feel desirous of testing the qualities of the volume to our first page where they will find a very fair sample.

Roman Antiquities and ancient Mythology. This is a compilation by Mr Dillaway, principal of the Public Latin School, Boston. The *Education Reporter* thus notices the work—"the want of a cheap volume, embracing a succinct account of ancient customs, together with a view of classical mythology, has long been felt. Mr. Dillaway's book seems to have been prepared with a special reference to the wants of those who are just entered upon a classical career; he has concentrated the most valuable and interesting particulars relating to Roman Antiquity; together with as full an account of heathen mythology, as is generally needed in our highest seminaries. It comprises in a volume of convenient size and price, all the valuable information which is generally sought in the larger and more expensive works of Adams and Tooke."

SCRIBES OF GOTHAM.

Those who are desirous of giving notoriety to a scurrilous, rhyming, *would be* satirist, will do well to possess themselves of this work.

The author is anonymous, or worse than anonymous; for he assumes the cognomen Trollope. If the outpourings of his spleen were qualified by one particle of wit, or even metrical felicity, we would excuse those who attempt to give importance to it as a satire calculated to affect the judgment of the community. It is a production that no one can peruse with any feeling of gratification, unless his spirit be demoniac, or that he has a pique against some of the respectable gentlemen who are there so scurvily handled. Were we not afraid of exciting too much curiosity, and thus give importance—not to insignificant but Billingsgate slander—we would descant to the length of a column.

We can well imagine the effect produced by Byron in his English Bards, and can imagine the effect produced by Snelling in his "Truth, a gift for Scribblers"; which whatever be its demerits, has certainly the advantage of very harmonious metre; but the only effect which the silly doggrelist of the Scribes of Gotham can produce is, contempt from the men whom he essays to abuse, and wonder from the unconcerned reader, if any person unconcerned will ever attempt its perusal, that any man in these enlightended days, who had intellect sufficient to acquire the art of writing at all, would have prostituted it in the composition of such miserble trash as this.

The Scribbler, if we read a right, intends us a compliment—if so we are sorry for it, for we hold it rather a disgrace to be eulogised by a pitiful fellow who would seek out the private foibles of any man, to weave them with a tale."

As a specimen of the transcendent skill of this *self-constituted* Censor—of him who throws his snow flakes debarred the privilege of even a glass house, we subjoin the following:

A *Traveller* now demands our ready rhymes,
Who marks the very "*Spirit of the Times*,"
And gathers fruits and flowers to amuse,
Rendering his *journal* fit for *family* use,
And truly when we look upon this page,
This record of the follies of the age,
We may not blame its course, but frankly own
'Tis suited to the country and the town.*

We conclude by saying that "
Oh heavens! that such companions thould'st unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal *nated* through the world.

* *Francois Ton.*

An Item.—The first day of March was ushered in with a noble snow storm, and no prospect of abatement. We opine, that should it continue a week longer it would be as *high* as the *highest of us—viz—Six feet two inches.*

GIVING THE BAG.

The editor of the New York Gazette relates a good joke in his last paper. A few evenings since a female domestic, who was sent out on an errand, was "picked up" in Broadway by a genteel young fellow, who asked her if she should have the pleasure of seeing her home? to which she replied certainly; and then said, "as he was obliging enough to see her home, she would thank him to carry her bundle for her;" to which he joyfully consented. The proceeded up Broadway to the corner of Walker-street, when suddenly the lady disappeared, leaving the genteel man with the bundle in his hands, hallooing after her, to it seem'd he was too much astonished to follow her. The bundle contained four new-born *kittens*, which the girl had been sent out to lose in the street, in preference to drowning them!

TWO QUAKERS.

A man convicted of murder at the Admiralty session is likely to escape hanging, in consequence of a legal objection to the jury, one of whom belonged to the Society of Friends, and was not sworn according to law. The gaoler told the prisoner this objection; when he replied, "It was very *friendly* of him, seeing that we were both *quakers*.

A RARE JOKE.

"Is the meat on your plate sufficiently *rare*, Sir," asked Boniface of a gentleman who had seated himself at rather a *lean* table. "Quite *too rare*, Sir, I assure you, for I have been rattling dry bones for the last ten minutes," replied the vexed traveller.

PAUPERISM IN NEW-YORK.

The number of paupers supported or partially relieved in New-York during the past year, was 34,094, and the whole expense was $267,767 80. This statement, however, does not include the counties of Albany, Cayuga, Schenectady and Warren. Of the number above mentioned, 22,909 were supported in the city of New-York, at an expense of $98,223 06.

For the New York Traveller, Times and Journal.

TO LAURA.

IMITATION OF HORACE—BOOK I, ODE V.
"Quis Multi gracilis te puer in rosa,"

Laura! what youth with passion warm
Now madly gazes on thy form,
And loads thee with caresses?
Who now adores those locks of gold,
And thinks thee not of mortal mould
Whilst paying his addresses?

Alas! how soon shall he deplore,
When these fair features swell no more,
And jealous cares environ,
Thy perfidy which caus'd his fall;
For locks of gold can sure enthrall,
As well as locks of iron.

Fond youth! you think her kind and true;
Alas! these thoughts will prove to you
But unsubstantial bubbles;
From dimpled cheeks no smiles I crave,
Fare well, I know that passion's wave
Oft proves a sea of troubles. H.

A case was tried last week in our court (says the Easton Whig) the subject matter of controversy in which was, whether the defendants were liable for the value of certain clove seed, in the chaff, taken by the plaintiff to their clover mill, which they had not cleaned,—alledging that it was brought in so bad a state that it could not be cleaned. Three counsels were concerned in it, and the amount claimed was about $80. While the case was progressing, one of our gentlemen of the law who was not concerned in the case, wrote the following jeu d'esprit, which occasioned no little merriment.

In such a case, three lawyers feed,
May well make people laugh—
The lawyers take the clover seed,
The clients take the chaff.

ETYMOLOGY.

We picked up the following singular etymology the other day, from an old paper. The word "news" is not derived as many suppose, from the adjective new, but from a practice that obtained in newspapers of an early date, of prefixing to the title the expressive initials of the four cardinal points, thus:—

N
E W
S

meaning that their intelligence was derived from "all quarters of the globe." This must be allowed to be, at least, an ingenious etymology.—*Ohio.*

An English lady in Paris is said to have invited one of her countrymen to accompany her to see "the *Diarrhœa* on the *Boulevards*;" and her friend excused himself on the plea of having "a *Diarrœa in his bowels*."

In the committee on the factory bill, the following sensible question was put to a witness named Peter Smart, the overseer of a factory at Dundee: Question—"When do your girls marry?"—Answer—"*Whenever they can meet with men.*"

"How would you like a living in Ireland?" asked Lord L. of a clerical supplicant; "they are scarce but there is a vacancy in the county of Cork." "So I perceive, my lord," replied the reverend gentleman, laying down the newspaper, "I have just read a paragraph headed 'Another Protestant clergyman shot;' *livings are scarce*, but I confess I should not like the *next presentation* of a Whiteboy *musket*."—*Age.*

Sporting Varieties.

SPORTING IN INDIANA.

We have just received the following communication from an esteemed friend and correspondent, in Indiana, who promises to forward us some further account of his sporting reminiscences. Our columns are ever open, and we shall be pleased to hear from him still more frequently. [His request shall be attended to, and despatched by mail forthwith. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the "subscriptions."—Are much obliged.—Ed.]

Logansport, Indiana, Jan. 1-33.

Gentlemen,—During the month of December, Mr. Simons living in Cass Co. (Ia.,) captured a rare 'varmunt,' as follows:—A slight snow having fallen the day previous on the following morning, the boys of Mr. S. took out the dogs for a "*Coon Hunt*," but before they had proceeded far, they discovered in a ravine, the carcase of a deer which appeared to have been but a short time killed, and was mangled, though little of the flesh had been eaten. The first idea was that "*a Painter had been there*," but on following up the track, they found that this was not the case, as the impression of the foot was too large, and there was no trail in the snow such as is made by the Panther's tail, as it sweeps behind when stealing from thicket to thicket in search of his prey.

The curs soon put an end to their musings, by a clamorous bark up a lofty walnut tree, in the upper branches of which was seen the countenance of an animal in which not a single familiar feature could be recognized; so it was decided that the most prudent course to be pursued in regard to the stranger, was, to apprize the *old man* of his situation. On arriving at the spot a shot from his rifle was sufficient to loosen the foot hold of the beast, who fell but caught again, but at last came to the ground in the midst of the dogs, who gave him a most unceremonious greeting; but he was *game*, and although badly wounded, entirely able to help himself, for throwing himself on his back he tore to pieces one of the best dogs, and would soon have, as the old man said, "bodaciously used up" the remaining three, had he not ended the fray with his tomahawk. The animal was found on examination to be a Lynx of the largest size ever seen by the oldest traders here, and what is somewhat singular, not one of the species has been seen for many years in this region of country, as far as I can ascertain, by either Indian or white man. The length of the animal was four feet ten inches from the nose to the end of the tail; its color a dirty ash, varied by occasional spots of brown; its ears were long, and surmounted by beautiful tufts of black hairs an inch and a half in length. The feet were the most remarkable from the great length and thickness of the toes and claws.

I think that in the spring, I will be able to send you some *fishing doings* worthy your columns, as the Wabash, on which I live is probably more abundant in fine fish than any river in the state, and I am not the least of their enemies. T.

"A word in your ear."

☞ We have on file some capital things for next week, in addition to full accounts of the Races at the South, which we are in hopes to receive in season for our next paper.

☞ Mr. Nickerson's first number of his *Sporting Almanac* is, we presume, "deuced cute," only we "hain't seen no nothing of no such thing, no where." "Perhaps" he couldn't do a more "cute thing" than to *take* one along.

☞ We are daily expecting the fulfillment of a promise, made some time since, to forward us an account of Deer Hunting in Kentucky, by L. R. Has he forgotten it?

☞ By the way, the new *Sporting Magazine* is ready—*almost*, for delivery. "It's nation fine," and the plates "beat all nature."

☞ Friend K. of Fauquier, Va. has not sent us any thing for some time, *except subscribers and money*. Where is *that* are "Possum Hunt?" Although the "Camp Meeting Affair" was a devilish good thing, we had to tie it up with the same pink ribbon, that holds together the letters to Colonel B. Bedlet, Esq.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

The following very singular event occurred in the town of Madison, in this county, about three weeks since. Mr. Benjamin Smith had a place on his farm where he baited foxes for the purpose of shooting them. One morning, soon after day break, he started for the place for this purpose, when on reaching his covert or bough house he discovered a large animal near the fox bait. He took it at first for a large dog belonging to one of his neighbors, but a shift of position by the animal satisfied him at once that it was not a dog but an enormous black wolf; who reunon he discharged his gun at him, which was loaded with large shot. Immediately the wolf fell with his legs under him and appeared as if dead, which Mr. Smith supposed to be the case, and laying down his gun advanced towards him. When he had approached within ten or fifteen feet of him, the wolf rose and sprang upon him, seizing him by the leg, near his ancle—Immediately a sort of "rough and tumble" struggle commenced, each striving to get the other under, the wolf all the while continuing his gripe upon Mr. Smith's leg. At length Mr. S. succeeded in throwing the wolf upon his side and holding him in this position with one hand and his knee, he got out his jack knife, which he fortunately had with him, and plunged it into the throat of his ferocious assailant, who continued his hold on Mr. Smith's leg, biting and growling, until he bled to death. Mr. S. received but very little injury in the conflict, his thick boot protected his leg from the teeth of the wolf, who was only able just to scratch the skin a little. The wolf was full grown and very large, measuring nearly five feet from snout to tail.—*Somerset (Me.) Journal.*

For the New York Traveller, Times and Journal.

TOM QUICK.

Tom Quick lived on the Sullivan hills,
By Delaware's rolling tide;
O'er laurel streams, and hemlock rills,
Away from the world and all its ills,
He hunted far and wide.

Silvery river meandering
Cochecton's balmy hollow,
Where Callokoon waves their tribute bring—
The turtle dove, thrush, and blue jay sing,
There Tom the game would follow.

On mountain's crest, in month July,
Ran a panther to the edge
Of a craggy steep that towers high;
Tom buttled th' beast till it did die,
And threw him o'er the ledge.

Hero of many a wonderous tale,
Full of his devilish cunning!
Tom never flunked or turned pale,
Following on the Indian's trail,
Shooting as he was running.

Once he saved his neck, by a good hit,
From the Indian scalping knives;
Said Tom I've got a rail to split,
Put in your fingers and tear the slit;
When it closed he took their lives.

Once Tom crept into a hollow oak;
Down the tree came Bruin;
He seized his tail and off it broke,
Tho' it nearly prov'd his ruin.

Undaunted, Tom seized his curly hair;
The bear crept out the tree;
For he picked his ribs till they were *spare*,
And when he came out he killed the bear,
For no young hunter was he.

O'er rift and brakes he knew the way,
With his rifle a staunch bore,
He loved to skirt each silvery bay,
Many a night in the snow would lay,
To shoot Indians along shore.

For Tom was a rather bald and true,
He hated the black-foot race;
They had cut his old father in two;
His courage and pluck were the true blue,
And he vowed to kill the race.

He had drove all from the hunting ground,
Except an old fellow, *Conage*,
And one of his brave warrior band,
Whom Tom had often fought hand to hand,
Till they were forced to elope.

Tom had a couple of trusty dogs,
His old panther's dying boon,
Who guarded his home of maple logs,
Adown by the Callakoon.

Flanko and *Blanko*, of old Tom Quick,
Were fearers to scent the foe:
Could any panther or wild boar lick,
And never were known to cut stick,
From tomahawk, knife, or blow.

With these lived Tom and a daughter, fair
As the fawn she loved to chase;
For the brightest curls of nut-brown hair,
Fell over *Omoa's* face.

No girl of the hills was half so sweet,
As Omoa, the wild wood maid,
With her furskin dress, and sandled feet;
A rose of the forest glade.

It chanced old Tom to the wind gap
Had gone to catch the beaver,
And he'er dreamt he of any mishap,
Tho' snouts he fixed his stealthy trap,
He thought 'twas wrong to leave her.

Away he pulled with oar, as fast
As the lightning's vivid beam,
Rocks, rifts, and eddies, they were soon past,
Tho' he had to pull up stream.

When Tom came to Cochecton's vale,
He spied his lovely daughter
In an Indian's arm all bleeding pale,
Then the bullet flew like iron hail,
For old Canope had caught her.

Tom dodged and fired till they run
Like snakes around each cliff;
But his aim was true, and one by one,
He popped them into the rift.

The last of the Indians fell that day;
Tom he died soon after;
Flanko and Blanko howled o'er the bay,
With fair Omoa they went away,
And still do live as stories say;
Such the tale of the rafter.

F. L. WADDELL.

A FOX HUNTER IS A JUMBLE OF PARADOXES.

He sets forth clean though he comes out of a kennel, and returns home dirty. He cares not for cards, yet strives to be always with the pack. He loves fencing, but without carte or tierce; and delights in a steeple chace, though he does not follow the church. He is anything but litigious, yet is fond of a certain suit and returns Scarlet. He keeps a running account with Horse, Dog, Fox, and Co., but objects to a check. As to cards, in choosing a pack he prefers Hunt's. In theatricals, he favors Miss Somerville, because her name sake wrote the Chase, though he never read it. He is no great dancer, though he is fond of casting of twenty couple; and no great painter, though he draws covers, and seeks for a brush. He is no musician, and yet is fond of five bars. He despises doctors, yet follows a course of bark. He professes to love his country, but is continually crossing it. He is fond of strong ale and beer, but dislikes any pull. He is good-tempered, yet so far a Tartar as to prefer a saddle of horse to a saddle of mutton. He is some what tough and bearish himself, but insists on good breeding in horses and dogs. He professes the Church Catechism, and countenances heathen dogmas, by naming his hounds after Jupiter, Juno, Mars, and Diana. He cares not for violets, but he deals on a good scent. He says his wife is a shrew, but objects to destroying a vixen. In politics he inclines to Pit, and rails after Fox. He is no milksop, but he loves to tarry. He protects poultry, and preserves foxes. He follows but one business, and yet has many pursuits. He pretends to be knowing but a dog leads him by the nose. He is an honest fellow that needs be, yet his neck is often in danger than a thief's. He swears he can clear any thing, but to heaven by a fog; he esteems himself prosperous, and is always going to the dogs. He delights in the Hunter's Stake, but takes care not to stake his hunter. He praises discretion, but would rather let the cat out of the bag than the fox. To conclude, he runs as long as he can, and then goes to earth, and his heir is in at his death. But his heir does not stand in his shoes, for he never wore any thing but boots.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

We are indebted to the industrious Editor of The Emigrant for several articles of interesting intelligence, which will be read with interest.

THE CHASE.

On Monday Jan. 7th, the crack pack of hounds belonging to R. Lewis, Esq., afforded excellent sport to a field of about forty horsemen. A fine fox having been brought there from Doward Hill, near the town, was turned off in a lawn before the house, and the drag law having been given, the hounds were laid on, and away they went at a slapping pace to Pantdowyn cover; but on reaching it "no place like home, 'did not tarry there and pressed on the Grain s, belonging to—Graylarst, Esq; from thence by the church of Llangattoc—Axel down to Perthyre Hills, where he swam the river Monnow, which being very high at the time impeded the course of the horsemen; but having crossed at the Tump Bridge, they again came up with the hounds at the Blackholt Woods; beyond their being very much pressed, proceeded at a rapid pace close by Welsh Newton House, and on to Doward, where being "quite at home," he wished his pursuers good morning, and sought safety in the rocks. The distance ran was nearly eighteen miles, which was done in a little more than two hours. It was almost impossible that the fox could have chos

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

Miscellanies.

DITTY OF THE GRAHAMITE.

By Mc DONALD CLARKE.

"Dash down yon cup of Samian wine"
Lord Byron.

The Grahamite—the Grahamite,
Disciple of a purer Power,
Beneath thy name shall Memory write,
Triumph—that sinks not with the hour,
But calmly through the war of life
Looks down on all its sin and strife.

With pond'rous paunch and puling eye,
Let the low worshippers of Sense,
The unwearied babes of six feet high,
Rawl out for all that Art invents,
And on Time's ledger have each leaf
Slobber'd with that fat word—roast beef.

Have landlords clear out in a huff,
Their profits quite picked to the bones,
While the huge glutt'nous stuff and stuff,
Till Reason faints, and Fancy groans,
Yet look as if they wanted more,
But ere it comes, are—all a-snore.

Let them doze off their smoky hour,
Through which no light but—the cook's glows,
And when nought's left them to devour,
Sneak to undignified repose;
But no—the ghosts of ducks and geese,
Quack o'er their grave, to scare its peace.

But thine—a loftier fate is thine,
Simplicity's reflecting child:
Thy years will glide scarce less divine
Than those where Eden's angels smiled,
And they who keep Heaven's holiest book,
Oft on thy name will love to look.

A crust of bread, a cup of milk,
Perhaps a drink of thin moonlight,
Make thy flesh plump, and smooth as silk,
Thy spirits delicate and bright;
And woman never longs so much,
As when her charms are nursed by such.

But thine is Nature's hardest strife—
The silent struggle with Desire,
When all the virgin soul is—life,
And all the vicious body—fire;
When Feeling kindles through our dust,
Lighting there every ravenous lust.

Yet thou canst hold each appetite,
Though guilty Beauty, blushing, sighs
—When danger may be out of sight—
With warm white limbs, and languid eyes,
And—but Shame seeks the curtain's fold—
Some things are too sweet to be told.

"CHARCOAL!"

A few years since a person in Boston was applied to by a vender of charcoal to purchase some of his commodity. Being an inveterate wag he resolved to play a trick on one of his neighbors, and accordingly told the knight of the rueful visage that he would take two bushels of his coal.

"Here," said he, "is the money. You see that store, with the large gilt sign over the door," pointing to the shop of a young dry goods dealer, who had just commenced busine s, "it is there I wish you to leave it. But stop," added he, as the charcoal vender was about obeying his instructions, "my head clerk is rather a crabbed sort of a fellow, and has a foolish and inveterate dislike to charcoal. He will probably refuse to receive it. But pay no regard to what he says. I have paid you for it and must have it. If he makes a fuss, empty your basket on the floor, and go about your business."

The charcoal merchant e'vered the shop tottering under his load. The counter was strewed with fancy goods, the shelves lined with silks, cambrics, &c. and the owner of the shop and his clerks were busily employed in waiting on some fashionable ladies.

"Here is some charcoal which I was ordered to leave," said the dark visaged wight.

"Charcoal!" exclaimed the astonished shopkeeper. "I want no charcoal. Take it out of my shop. Quick!"

"Your master" returned ebony, "told me you did not like charcoal, but he paid me for it, and I must leave it. So tell me where to put it."

"Take it out of my shop," thundered out the dealer in fashionables, in an imperative tone. "I s the man mad? Be off."

"Well, your master told me it would be so. *Here goes.*" Uttering which words, he emptied the contents of his huge basket on the floor, to the great discomfiture of the ladies and the serious injury of the goods, and coolly walked off under cover of the cloud of dust which he had raised.—*Transcript.*

DR. SCUDDER

Called upon us a day or two since, to exhibit a specimen of his ingenuity, and produced a breast-pin, or broach, about which we did not at first, perceive any thing remarkable; but on examining it more closely we found that the head of it contained a most curious and exact imitation, in glass, of the Eye of a Canvas-Back Duck. As the pin was inclined in the hand, the pupil of the eye moved, and fastened itself on the gaze of the spectator, in such a manner that one could almost fancy that it was impelled by volition. We cannot imagine a more beautiful or appropriate ornament for a gentleman sportsman than such a trinket.—*Baltimore Patriot*

IMPROVED METHOD OF EMBALMING.

A singular and highly important discovery has recently been made by Messrs. Capron and Boniface, chemists at Chaillot. By a process which they keep secret, and to which they have given the name of 'Momification,' they have succeeded after passing a number of years in experiments, in so modifying and perfecting the known processes of persevering bodies as to reduce them to mummies, leaving all the forms unaltered. All the elements of disorganization which show themselves in the human body so soon after death are completely destroyed, and not only the external body, but all the viscera, the lungs, the heart, the liver, and even the brain, are perfectly preserved; the features also remain so perfectly unimpaired, that correct portraits may be taken at any length of time after death, and, as the body is not enveloped in bandages as in the Egyptian method, the natural forms are perfectly preserved. The operation requires but a few days, after which the dead bodies may be preserved in a room or vault, or interred in the ordinary way, without being accessible to worms. They may also be exposed to all the varieties of the air, either in a standing or sitting position, without undergoing any alteration.—*Medical Intelligencer.*

A MAN WITHOUT MONEY

A man without money is a body without a soul—a walking death; a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance, he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which, it is feared, will end with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth.—Want wakes him in the morning, and misery accompanies him to his bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby; landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

ACCOMMODATION NOTES.

Uncle Obadiah, said a graceless young merchant who had about consumed his patrimony, to a shrewd old Quaker relative, I can have a thousand dollars at the bank, which I want to use a few days, till I collect some of my heavy outstandings, and I will thank you just to put your name on the back of this note. Why, Nathan, what does thee want my name on the back of the note for? Oh, only a mere matter of form; the Bank always requires two names it will make no difference or trouble to you: I shall take it up when due. But Nathan, will they not ask me to pay the thousand dollars, if thee dont pay it?—Why, Oh, Ah. Why yes, if I *dont*. Well, Nathan, I think I had better not put it on, for if thee *dont* pay it, I'm sure I dont want to.—*Port. Cour.*

The Vestry of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, have called the Rev. Benj. C. Cutler, to the Rectorship of that Church, to be vacated the 1st of May next, by the Right Rev. Dr. McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio. Mr. Cutler has accepted the call.

NEW ARTICLE OF TRADE

A trader in this town advertises "Gentlemen's Bosoms." If he will sell Gentlemen's *Hearts*, the ladies will purchase him.—Perchance the bosoms are *false—hearts* certainly are, at least so say the women.—*Lowell Compend.*

BISHOP WHITE.

This virtuous and venerable prelate is, perhaps, the only living individual in this city, who can boast of having been the friend of Washington. The recollection of the day when, as chaplain of Congress, he called down the blessings of heaven upon the infant strugglings of our country, still gives to every thing connected with these times a lively interest. Although now eighty years old, he yesterday took an active part in the ceremonies of the day. He ascended the stage erected for the occasion, and raising his feeble hands to heaven, blessed the work that was to commemorate the virtues of his former friend, the *pious Washington*. The scene is described to us by a friend as most impressive and interesting.—*Philad. Intelligencer.*

The Park Theatre.

Millman's tragedy of Fazio was again represented on Monday evening, Mr. and Miss Kemble sustaining the principal characters. The Giraldi Fazio of Mr. K. was characterized by unusual ability, being far more able and perfect than his personation during a former engagement. We should imagine it one of his *very best* parts, second only in tragedy, to his Mercutio and Faulconbridge.

Miss Kemble's Blanca was almost faultless in reading and acting. We never saw her to more advantage, if we may except her Julia in the Hunchback. Many consider her Blanca superior even to her Julia, and possibly with justice, though we cannot coincide in their opinion, as we believe Julia to be her *chef d' œuvre*. Her Belvidera is certainly second to this character, while her Lady Macbeth is immeasurably removed from a comparison. Julia and Blanca are not very dissimilar, or at least, require the same chaste and beautiful acting; they are both replete with ebullitions of deep and ardent feeling, and require that peculiar extension of one's being, than which no one is more gifted in the portrayal than our young authoress herself.

Knowles' Play of The Hunchback, and the Comedy of Katherine and Petruchio, composing one of the most delightful entertainments of the season, were announced on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of Mr. Kemble. The first piece was played with the same cast as usual, if we except the substitution of Mason for Simpson, in Master Modus; a change totally uncalled for, and entirely for the worse. Simpson looks the bashful, diffident student, capitally, and his singular voice and manner are each in his favor. Mason discovers altogether too much of the man of the world, and is quite too much *au fait* to the prudish coquetries of his "loving cousin" Helen,

"Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love."

This play has been so frequently represented that all have had an opportunity to admire its beauties; but as a whole, we opine it was not so well performed on this occasion as usual, if we may judge from our own feelings of interest, and of those immediately around us.

Katherine and Petruchio, we fervently believe, was never excelled on our boards; if the audience failed to weep at the trials of the unhappy Julia, they shed tears of laughter over the *tores* of these two gentles, whom the priest had given license to scratch and pull hair to their heart's content. If the reader can picture above *two thousand* persons convulsed and almost dying with laughter, some idea may be formed of the appearance of the house during this performance.

We cannot particularize single points and passages, for it was played so exquisitely throughout that we find it impossible. We feel confident in saying this Comedy alone, (in 3 Acts, as now cut down,) with the same cast, would *draw* a greater house than any other piece that could be presented; will not Mr. Simpson, in the next engagement of the Kembles, gratify the puble by its more frequent representation?

The Gramio of Placide was a capital performance—the real Sancho Panza of the inimitable Cervantes. To our mind, he was the very image of that valiant and blanket-tossed man-at-arms, to the renowned Don Quixotte of wind-mill memory,—bearing, as he does, the same relation to the wife-taming Petruchio of Verona, as did Sancho, his love-making prototype, to that victorious humbug, the Knight of La Mancha.

The stammering Tailor found a most comical representative in Fisher; he is the best "Billy Button" we wot of, and afforded the highest gratification by his drolleries.

AMERICAN THEATRE—BOWERY.

Mr. Woodworth's "*Cauchais or the Massacre Islands*," among other interesting pieces, is nightly offered for the amusement of admiring auditors. We understand that through the liberality of the manager the name of Capt. Morrell will be put up for a benefit. We have no doubt, he willl receive, as he deserves, a bumper.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE

None of our cities have been able to travel *up* to this establisiment. Our witty manager Barnes will relinquish his interest in the concern, at the expiration of his present lease, when it will, we are told, be converted into an Amphitheatre for Equestrian sports and amusements. "Alas! poor Yorick."

MADEMOISELLE CELESTE.

We insert as a theatrical curiosity, the following calculations relative to the performance of this justly celebrated melodramatic actress:—Mademoiselle Celeste has performed in one year, *the French Spy* 400 times; the *Wizard Skiff* 150 times; *the Dumb Brigand* 100 times; and acted in fifteen other pieces all written expressly for her! She has danced in them this year 600 dances; fought 626 combats; changed her dresses 1561 times; has performed in eight different theatres in London, on several occasions at two on the same evening, and on one occasion at three different theatres on the same evening; has had thirty benefits, all good; performed at twenty-eight theatres in England; three in Ireland and three in Scotland; and for the year 1822 has received £3 120 for her services. During her late engagement at Liverpool, upwards of 3000 persons were unable to gain admittance to the theatres. In America she performed in all the theatres, and travelled more than 10 000 miles. In Boston the seats were sold by auction in the Exchange.—This popular young lady is now in her 21st year, is a native of Paris, and was educated at the Grand Opera.—*Liverpool paper.*

A very learned and erudite article appeared in the last number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, on the German origin of the Latin Language, written by Mr. John Kemble, son of Chas. Kemble, Esq. and brother of Miss Fanny Kemble. He is represented as a young gentleman of great promise, and intimately acquainted with the German literature, in which country he has long resided.

A late London paper observes, Mr. Price, the American Manager, is now occupied making his engagements in this country for his Theatres in the United States. While the stage is too much neglected here, it flourishes in an unprecedented degree in America.

A RARITY.

The head and quarters of a moose deer, shot on the White Mountains, near Crawford's, was exposed for sale lately in South Market street, Albany. The annual weighed nearly five hundred pounds! The head alone weighed 48 lbs. The owner, or agent asked the enormous price of 25 cents per pound for the carcase, alleging that he was offered that much in Portsmouth! It is a pity he did not sell him there. The flesh of the moose is far from delicate. The only part of the animal coveted by epicures is the *muffle* from which a rich and very luxurious soup is prepared.—*Boston Trans.*

Married,

Here the girls and here the widow
Always rest their earliest glance,
With a smile less face, consider
If they, too, wont stand a chance
To make some clever fellow double
In bliss, and often too in—trouble.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Edward Brooks and Elizabeth Nellis.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. G. Coles, Mr. Samuel Benston, of this city, and Miss Eliza Nelson, of Brooklyn.

On Tuesday evening, 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Thos. Lee, M. D. and Catharine E. Tyler.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. G. Benedict, Mr. Osborn Sherwood and Miss Susan Odell, both of Yonkers, N. Y.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. N. J. Marselis, Andrew Skaats and Miss Mary Hall.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. John D. Cocks and Miss Eliza Jane, daughter of M. D. Higgins, all of this city.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. J. Collard, Mr. William Crane and Miss Sarah, daughter of Jacob Tremper, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Thos. Maraley, Mr. Edwin C. Read and Miss Catharine L. Dox, both of this city.

In Parsonfield Me. Rev. Adam Wilson, editor of Zions Advocate, of Portland, to Miss Sally H. Richer.

At Wethersfield, Vt. on the 14th inst. Mr. D. Evereth Wheeler, of this city, and Elizabeth B., daughter of William Jarvis, of Vermont.

Died,

On Monday afternoon, after a short illness, Mrs. Jamison, wife of M. Jamison.

On Monday 18th inst. Mrs. Mary, wife of Joshua Carhart, in the 35th year of her age.

On Monday morning, after a short illness, Mr. Peter Kuns, aged 42 years.

On Monday morning, after a long illness, Richard Davis Stewart, aged 23 years.

CITY SALOON, FANCY DRESS BALL.—J. W. TRUST announces
To those who trip it as they go,
On the light fantastic toe,
That he will give his next immitable characteristic Fancy Dress Ball, at his Saloon, Marble Buildings, opposite St. Paul's, on Thursday, the 7th inst. J. W. T.'s friends and patrons may anticipate as usual, a brilliant display of characteristic dresses, with a fund of whit and drollery. Dancing continued to a late hour. In the course of the evening, Alfred Trust, pupil of H. J. Trust, will execute a brilliant solo on the Harp.
Dresses of every variety may be had on hire, of Mr. Taylor, 422 Broadway, with Tickets, $1, to admit two ladies and one gentleman; and at the Refectory of the Saloon. J. W. Trust would suggest to his friends to make early application for Tickets as the number is limited. Mch 2

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.

From Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsboro', Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March 2 N. B. MOSELY, *Agent.*

EAST RIVER MANSION HOUSE, corner of Water street and James Slip, by Mr. ROWELL.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

EAST RIVER MANSION HOUSE.
Corner of James Slip and Water street.
H. ROWELL, from the Theatre Retreat, Bowery, having taken the above establishment and lain a stock of the choicest wines and spirits, &c. &c. begs leave to inform his friends and the public that it will be his constant study by every means in his power to merit a continuance of that patronage and support he has so liberally experienced since his commencement in this city.
☞ All the daily papers of the city taken in. Mch 2

J. BURDELL, Dentist, 302 Broadway corner of Duane street, entrance in Duane street.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 16 Broad street.

TO LET,
The upper part of a genteel and very convenient house in Roosevelt street, between Chatham and Madison street. The premises consist of 5 rooms and a kitchen, &c. Rent, to a good tenant with a small family, $225. Apply to
T. BISSING,
Feb 16 70 1-2 William street.

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 237 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

THE EMIGRANT.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, containing a general, complete and comprehensive view of all the *local* and *domestic* intelligence of ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and WALES; together with a compendium of the political and Parliamentary news of Great Britain—Sporting Intelligence—Bankruptcies—Marriages—Deaths, &c. &c. This paper being free from party spirit and political violence, and containing such a mass of news which is interesting to all, is admirably adapted for persons from the old country. It is published every Wednesday at the low price of *Three Dollars* per ann. in, payable in advance, at the Office of the Albion, No. 76 Cedar street, New York.
☞ As the *Emigrant* has an extensive circulation among persons from the old country, it is an excellent paper for land and other advertisements having reference to them. The charges for advertising are very moderate. Feb 23

VOSE'S NEW ASTRONOMY.—A Compendium of Astronomy, intended to simplify and illustrate the principle of the Science, and give a concise view of the motions and aspects of the Great Heavenly Luminaries, with eight plates, and questions at the close of the chapters and sections, intended to aid the teacher, and not to prevent his own—the questions inserted are important in reviews. Adapted to the use of common schools, as well as higher seminaries. By John Vose, A. M., author of a larger work on Astronomy.

Extracts from the Preface.

"Every enlightened citizen and well wisher to the rising generation, must perceive that the march of improvement requires that the arts and sciences emphatically termed *liberal*, should be introduced into our common schools. Here a large proportion of the community complete their education.

"Among the sciences, Astronomy, most happily adapted to enlarge and elevate the mind, must hold a distinguished place when its importance, as the foundation of other arts and sciences, and the grandeur of the objects brought into view are considered, it must be wonderful that it has not been more generally introduced. In the following compendium of astronomy, it has been the aim of the author to render the principles of the science so simple, that they may be easily understood; not only by the scholar who spends a few weeks at the academy, but by him whose means and views do not carry him beyond the common school."

This day published by CARTER HENDEE & CO. School Book Publishers, Boston, and for sale by the principal Booksellers in New York. Feb 23

NEW LOOKING GLASS PORTRAIT, AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken a store 568 Pearl street, four doors from Broadway, where he intends to carry on the Burnish and Oil Gilding, such as framing portraits, paintings, prints, mezzo tints, ladies needle work and pictures of all descriptions. New frames made for looking glass plates. Old frames regilt and cleaned. Carved and plain wood and metal of all kinds, gilt in oil on the best manner and on reasonable terms. The smallest favors gratefully received and promptly attended to.
Ship Gilding partic ularly attended to.
dec. 15 JOSEPH CABOT, 568 Pearl-st.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
Fare $2 and found.

The splendid Steamboat PRESIDENT, Capt. Ricks S. Bunker, will leave this Afternoon, 16th February, at 4 o'clock.
Feb 16 tf

CABOT, Looking Glass, Portrait and Picture Frame, No. 568 Pearl street, five doors from Broadway.—Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine the patterns. Feb 16

For useful things of any sort
That is possible to be bought,
All the world may there resort.

CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM FICHONO PIBLICO, No. 208 Bowery.—E. S. LOWERRE is located at No. 208 Bowery, and has for sale an unique assortment of valuable variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all things useful, beautiful or ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter.
Feb 16

FISHING TACKLE.—A. OSBURY & SON, No. 77 William street, corner of Liberty, are selling off their stock of Fishing Tackle at reduced prices. Feb 16 3t

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AT BELLEVILLE New Jersey.—The system of instruction pursued at this Seminary, embraces a thorough course of English and Classical reading, with the different branches of the sciences, requisite to the attainment of a liberal and finished education.
While the most rigid attention will be devoted to the inculcation of correct habits, both mental and personal, it will also be the earnest aim of the Principals, both by precept and example, to promote in their pupils the knowledge and practice of their duties, moral, social, and religious.
It is believed that few places are better adapted for a respectable boarding school, than the village of Belleville. Situated on the banks of the Passaic, about 2 miles from the city of New York, containing a number of families of the first respectability, and possessing three places of worship; of the Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, and Methodist denominations, it combines the several advantages of public worship, social intercourse of a high character, and a situation uncommonly picturesque and salubrious.
JOHN P. LATHROP, }
MARIA M. LATHROP, } Principals.

REFERENCES
In New York—Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D.; Rev. John M. Wainwright, D. D.; Rev. Henry Anthon, D. D.; Nathaniel F. Moore, L. L. D. Professor of Languages in Columbian College; Phillip Hone, Esq.; Stephen Cambreleng, Esq.
In Belleville—Rev. Gustavus Ancel; Anthony Rutgers, Esq.; James L. Morris, Esq.; S. L. Ward, M. D.; Lt. George C. Whistler, U. S. Engineers.

TERMS
Board and Tuition in the English branches, $45, per quarter; Latin and Greek languages, each $5, do.; Drawing, Painting, and the different kinds of fancy Needlework, each $5, do.; Use of Piano forte, $5, do.; French Language, Music, and Dancing, at the prices charged by the teachers of those branches, respectively. Each scholar will provide her own bed and bedding.
Day Scholars.—English branches, full course, $10; Languages, and ornamental branches, same as above. Fuel for the season, $2. 12 weeks constitute a quarter; and no deduction will be made, except for protracted sickness.
There will be a vacation of 1 weeks in the month of August; and should any pupil remain at the Institute during that time, an additional charge of $2 50 per week, will be made.
No pupil will be permitted to leave, without at least 6 weeks notice. Payment, in all cases, must be made in advance. Feb 16

WORKS OF LORD BYRON, IN VERSE AND PROSE.—GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, has this day published the Works of Lord Byron, in Verse and Prose, including his Letters, Journal, etc. with a sketch of his Life. The poetical works of Lord Byron have been published in a variety of forms, but at no time, or in any country, has a uniform edition of his Prose and Poetical Works been attempted before the present. The edition now publishing in London, by Murray, contains so much of Byron's Prose Writing as is included in the Life by Moore. In the American edition there is a great number of the Letters of Byron not in the English copy, including letters to his mother. There is also in this edition a large collection of Poems not in any previous American edition; many blanks are filled up, and explanatory notes added, which will be found of essential service to the reader. The present, therefore, is emphatically the *first* complete edition of the Poetical and Prose Works of Lord Byron. Feb 9

LITHOGRAPHY.
BISBEE, Artist in Lithography, has resumed the practice of his profession at No. 96 Canal street, having engaged the assistance of several of the first Artists in Europe in the different departments of the Lithographic Art, he is now prepared to execute every description of Drawing, Writing, and Printing, in a style of excellence equal to the best imported specimens of the art, or of the finest copperplate engravings, and on terms as favorable as any establishment in the U. States.
Publishers of Works on Medicine, Anatomy, Botany, Natural History, Chemistry, will be guaranteed an unlimited number of equal impressions, from each drawing, at less than half the expense of any other method of producing them.
Portraits drawn on stone from life, or copied from Paintings, Prints or Drawings, with any number of impressions.—Plans, Historical and Fancy subjects, Landscapes, Views, Vignettes, Maps, Music, Titles, Address and Visiting Cards, Commercial and Miscellaneous Blanks, Fac Similes, &c. Feb 9

MATCH FIGURES—Just received at the New York Pearl store, 167 Broadway, a splendid assortment of Match Figures, together with a quantity of Picture Alphabets, a new article, for Children. Also a lot of plain Pearl slides, wholesale and retail.
feb 2

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, &c. and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

PRACTICAL HOUSE CARPENTRY.—JUST published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, *Benjamin's Practical House Carpenter*, being a complete development of the Grecian Orders of Architecture, methodised and arranged in such a simple and comprehensive manner, as to be easily understood; each example being fashioned according to the style and practice of the present day, containing examples of the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite Orders, with all their details drawn to a large scale; to which are added, a series of Designs for Porticos, Frontispieces, Doors, Windows, Caps and Sills, Sash Frames, Sashes and Shutters, Cases and Sur-Base Mouldings, Architraves, Chimney Pieces, Trusses for Roofs and Partitions, Stairs, &c. Engraved on sixty-four large quarto copper plates. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Author of "The American Builder's Companion," and "the Rudiments of Architecture. Wholesale orders should be addressed to R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 18 & 20 Cornhill, Boston.
apr 19 tf

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTER; containing an exposition of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, well adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.
"A Knowledge of grammer is the foundation of all literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities for writing and speaking are only occasions for men to display their unfitness to write and to speak." For sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15.

HISTORY OF THE U. STATES, IN FRENCH.
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS—with questions for the examination of Pupils on the sense of the text in the English language—by C. O. Barbeau. The History of the United States is selected from a series of French publications of a similar character, and prepared for the use of Schools in this country. The editor has added a set of questions for reviewing the lessons after translating it to the class; as these refer to the sense and cannot be answered without a correct understanding of the French Text, it is believed that they will render the work a most desirable class book in all our Schools where the French language is studied. This day published by
CARTER, HENDEE & CO.
Boston, and for sale at the Bookstores in New York.

JUST published, by LINCOLN & EDMANDS Boston, Blake's First Book in Astronomy. The following is an extract of a letter from H. Burrit, Esq. the author of the Treatise on the Eucke Comet, which the author of the Treatise on the Eucke Comet, which the author of the Treatise on the Eucke Comet, which

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Tribner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

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J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

POCKET BOOK MANUFACTORY.—An extensive assortment of Pocket Books for sale wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 50 Fulton street, New York. GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. & c. 264 Broadway. Parells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock.

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 229, Washington street. 12

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pens and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 3 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. *Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.*

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 34 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.

Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure. Jan19 JOHN A MERRELL.

TO CHAIR MAKERS.—Gold leaf and bronzes, of suitable colors for chair makers, at the lowest prices, delivered free of charges from the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watts st. New York, by GEORGE S. WAITE. j19

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.

N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE. j19 67 Watts st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

WANTED.—A Gardner who has been 20 years in the business, which he has a thorough knowledge of, in all its branches, wishes a situation in any part of the Union—he can give the most satisfactory references for good character and capability. Address C. B. (post paid) Museum House, corner Broadway and Anthony streets, next door to the Finch Hotel. Feb2

WAVERLY NOVELS.—Revised Edition,—Woodstock, in 2 vols. with a plate to each, is just published by L. H. PARKER, 264 Washington street, where subscribers will please call or send for their books. Price $1 25 to subscribers, for the series of St. Valentine's Day, or the Fair maid of Perth, is in press. Subscriptions received by

CHARLES S. FRANCIS,
Feb2 Under Peale's Museum, Broadway

GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, corner of Gold, has this day published a *New Edition of Dr. Johnson's Works*, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. in two octavo volumes—being the first complete edition published in this country. It contains twenty-seven publications of Dr. Johnson, not included in any previous American edition—is handsomely printed and bound, and sold at a low price, and may be had of the Booksellers generally. nov 1

JOSEPH C. HART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery; Clinton Hall, No. 127 Nassau-st, New York. *Reference* to the editors of this paper is offered those who may favor him with their business from abroad. tf

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by

JACOB SOUTHART.

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No 88 Nassau st in the basement, by

GRIFFIN & THOMAS.
nov10

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots receiving his preparation daily to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.

Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery.

THE BOOK OF THE CONSTITUTION—Just published by PETER HILL, 94 Broadway, "The Book of the Constitution."

CONTENTS.—Introduction, containing a brief sketch of the formation of the Confederacy, &c.; the Constitution of the United States, with the amendments; Address and Resolution of the Convention which framed the Constitution; a Synopsis of the several State Constitutions; the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and '99, with Mr Madison's Report; Mr. Jefferson's Letter on State Rights, Mr. Madison's Letter on his Report of 1799, and Nullification; Address, &c. of the Hartford Convention; South Carolina Ordinance; President's Proclamation; Extracts from Webster's Speech—and other valuable matter. Compiled by Edwin Williams, author of the N. Y. Annual Register, and embellished with a portrait of Washington. Feb 2

GENERAL AGENCY BUSINESS FOR SALE, worthy the attention of any one commanding a capital of from three to four hundred dollars. Address, M.H. at this O Jan 26

Popular Houses.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,

No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, Congress Hall, subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL; hoping under this new title to ment a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel—its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,

Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments, they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 15th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the deliceries of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their variations, and Soups of every description at all times.

nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

REMOVAL.

L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*. N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, and "they are as plenty as blackberries," shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive; &c. &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.

june 13 ly Eagle Tavern, Albany,
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL,

PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON, (Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a wagon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* ly

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,

To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M., passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Hollis ton, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.

dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

RAILWAY HOTEL,

CARBONDALE.—Penn.

THIS establishment, having been enlarged and fitted up in a superior manner, is now open for the accommodation of men of business, travellers, and parties of pleasure. The table is furnished with the best of provisions, the bar with the choicest wines, and the reading room with the principal New York, Philadelphia, and other newspapers.—The situation of the village of Carbondale, in the very heart of the mountains, renders it one of the healthiest resorts for invalids and families—the scenery in the vicinity, wild and picturesque, offers the greatest inducement to the admirers of nature, while the extensive coal works of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company (of which this is the seat) the Mines, the Railways, the inclined Plains, by which the coal is conveyed over the mountains, present attractions to every one, as well from the novelty as the magnitude of the undertakings. Every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of boarders, and travellers may depend upon the most prompt compliance with their wishes.

E. M. TOWNSEND.

TREMONT RESTAURATEUR,

Tudor's Buildings, Court Street, Boston, Mass

JOHN E. HUNT, takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his friends and the public, for their liberal patronage during the past season. The experiment of a *genteel retreat* for refreshments on a plan of the Southern cities, he is gratified to state, has been now successfully tried. The rooms and apartments have been now extensively enlarged, a News Room and Supper Room and several additional small rooms have been added, which will enable the proprietor to furnish Suppers, Game, and Wines, to parties, fire-companies and clubs, on first style, at short notice.

J. E. H. feels confident but this improvements will meet with the approbation of the public. His table will continue to be supplied with the best produce of the market, and his wines have been procured from the best stock in the city. The decorum, propriety, and style of his establishment having secured a liberal patronage, the proprietor hopes that it will be continued and increased.

Regular boarders can be received upon reasonable terms. mar 1 tf

EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE,

Corner of South Market and Hamilton Street (opposite the Eagle Tavern, Albany.

THE situation of this Hotel is extremely eligible and convenient, as well for the business men of this city as for the travelling public, being located in the business part of the city, and in the vicinity of the principal landing place of the steam boats, &c. From the promenade erected on top of the house, a view of the river for many miles, and the surrounding scenery, "with all its pageantry of hill and dale," may be contemplated as far as the eye can reach. The subscriber pledges to supply his table with the various delicacies and substantials of the season, and that his bar at all time shall be furnished with the choicest liquor of every description. He trusts that a disposition to please, and an attention to business he may merit and receive the continuance of that patronage which has heretofore been liberally bestowed by a generous public.

AMMON RANEY.

N. B. Since the above notice was written, a large addition of Parlors have been connected with the establishment, and the principal papers of the different cities have been added to the News Room.

Albany, june 20. 6m

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr. Isaac Hall, late of the Franklin House, New Haven, Conn. respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgements to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while conducted by Mr. Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits his personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as under the present arrangement he is confident a more efficient Host takes his place.

N.B All demands due to or from the firm of Thurston & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thurston.

A. P. FONDA.
nov1 1m HENRY THURSTON.

A. B. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway.
decs

Stages and Steamboats.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

NEW LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

MORNING PILOT LINE,

Of U. S. Mail, Troy built safety Coaches.—Through in one day.

The Pilot Line leaves New York every morning at 10 o'clock, and arrives in Philadelphia the same evening, passing through all the principal towns, via Jersey City, Newark, Elizabethtown, Bridgetown, New Brunswick, Kingston, Princeton, Trenton, Bristol, Holmesburg, and Frankford

The Pilot Line arrives in time to take the Baltimore and Frederick Coaches, which leave Philadelphia every morning.

From the care taken in establishing the "PILOT LINE," and the determination on the part of the proprietors that nothing shall be wanting to render the accommodations of the best order, they would respectfully solicit the patronage of a liberal public.

For seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, at the U. S. Mail Coach Office old No. 1 Cortlandt street, New York, and at the U. S. Mail Coach Office No. 28 South Third street, Philadelphia.

JAS. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

☞ All goods, specie and baggage at the risk of the owners. Jan 12

CITIZEN'S LINE.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

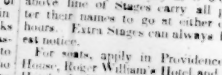
STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 5 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 8 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their names to go at either of the above named hours. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.

For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Roger William's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Tremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Marison House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.

T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence,
eply Agents.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND.

Stage Company, Office No. 11 Elm Street, Boston



A NEW Line of Stages from Boston to Augusta, Me. through in two days, and fare reduced to $5.

Leaves Boston every morning at 7 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Kennebunk same evening. Leaves Kennebunk next morning and arrives at Hallowell and Augusta same evening. Passes through Haverhill, Exeter, Dover, Kenne bunk, Portland, Brunswick, &c., to Augusta. Returning every day in the same order.

ALSO, Stages leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Haverhill, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newmarket, Dugham, and Dover. *Returning*—Leaves Dover every Morning, at 7 o'clock, on the same route to Boston. They meet every day at Dover, the Great Falls, Berwick, Kennebunk, Saco, and Portland; on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Sandford, Alfred, Barton, Gorham, and Portland; also, the Rochester, Wakefield, Effingham, and White Mountain: also, the Wolfborough, and Holderness Dorough Sandwich Stages.

Northern Stages—Leave every morning at 7 o'clock, for Concord, Hanover, Haverhill, Burlington, Montreal, and Quebec,—and return every afternoon.

Accommodation Stages—Leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport; and returns every afternoon.

Also, leave, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. for Reading, Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill,—and return by the same route, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Lowell, Dover, Portsmouth, and Newburyport Stages. Leave each place every morning—meet at Haverhill, and return every afternoon.

☞ Extra Carriages always in readiness. The Company not accountable for Money or Baggage, unless delivered to an authorized agent. *Sundays* always excepted in our Advertisements.

HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*
mar 1 tf

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.

WILDER'S, No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stages.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. *Returning*, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES

From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 10 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1 eply

BLOOMFIELD,—BELLEVILLE—HOBOKEN & NEW YORK DAILY STAGE.

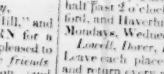
THE *Belleville Stage Company* having established a line of Stages to run between the above villages and the city of New York, beg leave to inform the public, that a Stage will leave Dalley's Hotel, Bloomfield, every morning at half past 7 o'clock,—Sundays excepted—leave Belleville at 8 o'clock, and New York every afternoon, at 3 o'clock,—Sundays excepted. They have provided themselves with the first rate horses and carriages, and a careful driver, and hope from their efforts to accommodate the public, to receive a liberal share of its patronage. Seats may be taken at Dalley's, Bloomfield; and at Randolph's, between Bloomfield and Belleville, and at the Mansion House in Belleville, and at 1 Toun'y's, 38 Barclay street, N. York. Passengers will be taken up and set down at their residences for a reasonable distance of the stage house.

Horses and Carriages to let at the Mansion House, where parties or individuals can be accommodated.

A. P. BEEBE, Agent.
nov 24

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,

New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

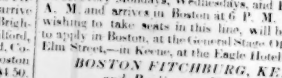


THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Ray's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of Newark, *Chatham, Morristown, Schooley Mountain, Springfield, Stockbridge, Newton, Augusta*, for Milford. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Dekertown* to Milford. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose* to Owego, and thence through *Ithaca* to Geneva, daily.

Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, it intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Rondout Centre, Towanda, &c. At Owego, it intersects a Line to Town Pond, Newton, Bath, Olean Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 74 Cortlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph Filer, Jersey City.

JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARLE A. HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
Proprietors.
mar 8

MERCHANT'S LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to E. Hunter, No. 74 Commerce slip, corner of Water-st. New York; Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Colgan, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamel, Lewiston; W. Whitman & Sons, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Dusky City O.; Cavanne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati, O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.

Albany, June 20. 1y *Proprietors.*

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NORWICH AND NEW LONDON.

STAGES will leave Wilder's Stage office, No. 11 Elm st on Sundays at 12 o'clock M and Wednesdays at 7 o'clock A. M., through Newton, Hollis ton, Uxbridge, Thompson, Brooklin, and arrive in Norwich at 1 o'clock P. M. following day, and New London same afternoon, until further notice. Extra Coaches at short notice and unreasonable terms. dec 29

STAGE OFFICE.

Earle's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

NEW-YORK Connected Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Weekstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New York.

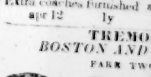
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro, Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 ly

LOWELL AND BOSTON

Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



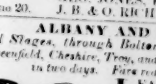
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, Sundays excepted, at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.

apr 12 JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

TREMONT LINE.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

FARE TWO DOLLARS



A NEW and elegant Line of Post Coaches, has commenced running between the two cities as follows:—Leaves Boston every morning except Sundays, at 1-2 5 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Providence before 12 M., over an hour before the boats leave for New-York. Returning leaves Providence on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston, in less than six hours, from one to two hours before the remainder of the stages of the old line.

The proprietors of this line, respectfully inform their friends, and all those who may be pleased to favor them with their patronage, that notwithstanding the manifold ordinary efforts to induce all passengers to avoid our line, and go in the Citizen's, for reasons best known to ourselves, yet we have had and always shall have a stage on the wharf at the boat on its arrival except Sunday, expressly for the accommodation of those of our folks, who will please not to pay their stage fare on board the boat, assuring them that we shall always live up to our advertisements, any management on board the boats to the contrary notwithstanding.

For seats or further information, apply in Providence at the Tremont Stage Office and Market Square, opposite the Franklin Hotel—in Boston, at the City Tavern, Brattle Street, or Washington Coffee House Washington Street.

m C. B. WILDER, *Agent.*

PHOENIX LINE.

Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.

LEAVES Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.

J. S. KEELER, Troy.
GEO. JONES, Boston.
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

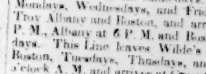
ALBANY AND BOSTON

Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.

LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 185 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock, P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5 P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 cy

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, NORWICH CT. & N YORK Line of Stages, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. and arrive in Worcester at 4 P. M. leave Worcester, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Lowell, at 4 P. M.

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO AND ALBANY Stage, leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Returning, leaves and Wednesdays, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Lowell, the 2d day—intersecting at Lowell all the eastern stages for Newburyport, Dover, Saco, and Portland.

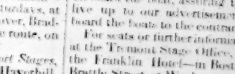
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 2d day at 8 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Great Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.

THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
23 tf *Lowell*

LOWELL & BOSTON.

NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.

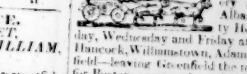


COACHES leave the above Office every morning, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, for New Hampshire through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont

JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 24 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON

Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening—leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through Newark, *Chatham, Bottle Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Succasunny, Schooley's Mountain, Washington*, &c. At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Manch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre*, &c. For seats, apply to John Patten, 74 Cortlandt Street, New York—or J. C. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners

mar 8 tf J. J. ROY & CO.

BOSTON AND NEWPORT

Stage, Mail and Tunnion, Fall River, & Stone Bridge.

LEAVES Marlboro' Hotel, Washington Street, Boston, every day, Sundays excepted, at 5 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Newport the same evening. Returning by the same route—leaves Newport, Mondays, Wednesday, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, and arrives in Boston the same evening. Leaves Newport, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Boston the same evening. Fare $4.

JESSE SMITH, & Co.
epl *Proprietors.*

THE subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 42 Williams Street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets; solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors constantly on hand. Coffee, Tea, and Refreshments to be had at all hours.

WILLIAM HIGGS, 25 Nassau st.

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT

Newly constructed and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y. on an extensive scale, Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skilful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Cohoes ville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has contracted a contract with the Government for the supply of all their projected Arsenals—at less cost than any other engine, and needs only to be examined and tried to convince it is preferable to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined.—JOHNSONS PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD.—The Subscriber takes the method to return his grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself, with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish of the ornamental Parlor Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and agents extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the stocking. To private families, or families boarding, they save the expence of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, in boarding house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of country seats, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits. And, as he has large experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of Pretenders, may be regarded as impositions, and as such, ought to be counted against by the community.

N. B. The Patentee now offers for Sale, Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States. The Subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory,

No. 188 GRAND STREET.

An Assortment of the Articles, as to be will be happy to see all those who take an interest in ingenious calcul